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All-Steel Cars Adopted for New York City Tunnel

"All future passenger equipment of the Pennsylvania railroad will be made of steel. The necessity of providing non-collapsible, absolutely fireproof passenger cars for the New York tunnel has simply hastened the day when this transformation must take place. The car of the future must be as safe as engineering science can make it."

Such was the declaration authorized today at Philadelphia by a high official in the motive-power department of the Pennsylvania railroad. It followed examination of reports which have been made on the cost and performance of the new Pennsylvania coach, No. 1651, the first all-steel passenger car to be built in the world. This car has been placed temporarily on one of the company's regular local runs, and most minute reports are being made as to its work.

The future passenger equipment is to be of steel, therefore, not only steel frame and box, but steel and non-combustible material in every particular. This will involve a very large expenditure of money, but the management feel that no expense should be spared to remove the danger from fire and collision in future railroading.

The decision now definitely reached will call for about 1,000 unburnable railroad cars to be ready when the New York tunnel is completed. It will also cal for some 500 Pullman cars, which must also be of completely non-combustible construction. At the request of the Pennsylvania railroad, the Pullman company is now building the first all-steel sleeper ever constructed. It will be inspected by the Pennsylvania officials at an early date.

Railroad officials and travelers generally have been keenly interested in the result of the Pennsylvania's experiment with a new car. Other so-called steel coaches have been built—notably for the New York Subway—but they have been only partly of steel. The first car to be built anywhere wherein the main object has been to secure the elimination of every particle of combustible material is No. 1651, the reports on which are just now in shape to make it possible to base definite future action upon them.

The new car weighs 103,550 pounds against 84,900 for the standard wooden coach, but it is found that the added weight greatly reduces the vibration and adds to the comfort of the passengers. No inconsiderable part of the additional weight is due to the great burden involved in carrying storage batteries and battery boxes. All the new cars are to be lighted by electricity, and the Pennsylvania will carry no gas illuminating cars of any kind into its New York tunnel. The electric wires in the new cars are all thoroughly insulated in heavy metal conduits, thus adding to the safety.

Motive power officials believe that the weight of the present car can be still further reduced, although it will always be heavier than the wooden coach. Coach No. 1651 has a small in the effort to remove material, and in the effort to remove this absolutely it may be necessary to add weight in slight particulars.

The new car is absolutely non-collapsible. It could stand any load or any collision. Its hidden frame is like a cantilever bridge, suspended on the trucks as piers. This safety against telescoping is secured by the use of enormous steel girders, the principal feature in the body of the car being a central box girder 24 inches wide by 19 inches deep extending throughout the length of the coach.

In the past, railroads have found that when trains collided and the body of one car rose above the body of the next, there was a tendency for the underframe of the first car to sweep the superstructure of the second car off its underframe. In the new equipment this is prevented by the extraordinary strength in the door and vestibule end posts, which are, of course, of very heavy rolled steel.

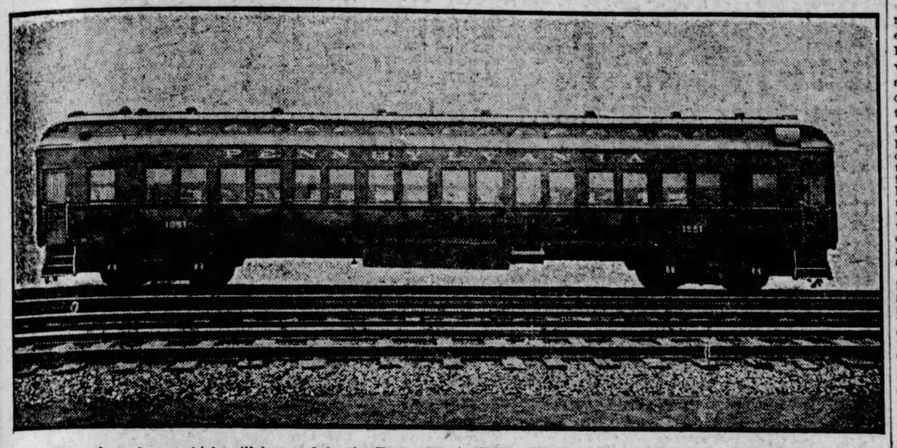
To show something of the effort made to make this car absolutely fireproof, it is only necessary to state that the flooring throughout the car and platform, consists of an imitation of stone spread while in a plastic state over the steel plates of the car. The framing above the windows is composed of steel plates. The doors are composed of steel plates pressed into a shape imitating the wooden doors used in other cars, and filled with cork to deaden the sound. The roof is constructed of composite boards covered with copper sheathing. The inside lining consists of composite boards covered with fireproof paint.

It is the policy of the Pennsylvania to eliminate eventually even the smallest amount of wood or other burnable material in its cars. In the experimental car the seats are of steel frame, covered with fireproof plush. The footrests are also of steel. For the present the armrests are of wood, but experiments are now being made with various metals in the effort to secure a noncombustible material which will not be cold to the touch.

A coupler arrangement of a new type, stronger than anything ever used before, has been designed for this car to avoid any possibility of breakage and the resultant parting of trains.

In the planning of this car, no expense has been spared to build a coach which should provide the greatest possible strength; a steel framing which could not be affected by fire; an inside lining which should be absolutely unburnable, and at the same time, would not conduct heat or sound.

The company has been making elaborate tests to ascertain the effect of the temperature of the atmosphere on the steel, as compared with the old wooden car. It is found that in hot weather the difference is very slight, and that the steel car shows a decided inclination to cool off more rapidly than the wooden coach.



Type of steel car which will be used in the Pennsylvania Railroad's New York tunnel. It is collision-proof, fireproof, and largely sound-proof.

Running Buffalo's Letter

The Old Sioux Chief Writes Curious Missive to His Lifelong Friend.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 11.—Running Buffalo, one of the great chiefs of the Sioux Indians, has just written his lifelong friend, Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda, "The Man Who Wears Gray Clothes," to tell him how he is getting along and what he is doing. Running Buffalo is a warrior of the old school and does not know a word of the white man's tongue, much less can he make the white man's signs to give his message. Therefore, he uses the signs by which an Indian of any tribe on the North American continent can communicate with any other Indian of any other tribe. The Indians may not know a single word of each other's languages, but there are certain signs among them by which any Indian can talk to any other Indian. So, Running Buffalo used seven head of cattle (seven dots under the horns) and a farm (a rectangle surmounted by a plow).

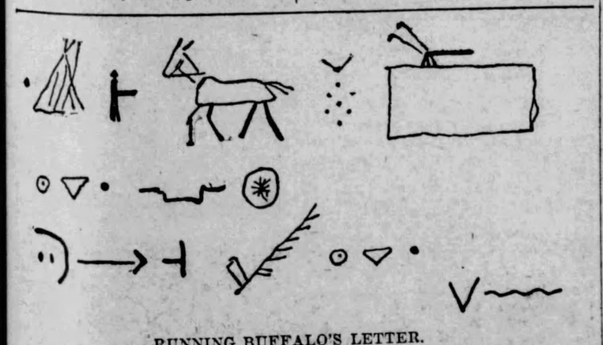
"My squaw (the circle surrounding the dot) and myself (the triangle), and my son (the dot following the triangle) have come a long and crooked (eventful) path (the crooked sign following the sign for the boy). We have lived many years and our lives have been full of adventure. But I am now getting old and feeble (the small fire sign on the ground within the circle representing the fire burning low in an Indian tepee); the fires of life are almost extinguished; my energies are almost spent; I am an old man. Even the last warpath (the flying arrow) upon which I traveled (the last war in which I took part) lasted only two half moons (one month—signified by the two dots in a half moon).

"But my squaw, myself and my son are now living in peace. I have smoked the pipe of peace (the ornaments on the pipe show it to be a "peace pipe"), and have abandoned the warpath forever. I can never again go on the warpath; there is an insurmountable barrier in the way (bars separating the flying arrow from the peace pipe) and I will live in peace forever, both my squaw, myself and my son.

(Signed) "Running Buffalo."

(The "horns" without the dot at the apex denotes "Buffalo;" the snaky line means "running.")

Years ago Mr. Tibbles rescued Running Buffalo from the quicksands of the Niobrara river. Then and there Running Buffalo declared Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda to be his "brother," and although neither can understand the spoken language of the other, the two men have carried on a correspondence for 25 years, always in picture writing. "Letters" pass between the two men every two or three years. Mr. Tibbles prizes very highly his letters from the old Indian.



RUNNING BUFFALO'S LETTER.

this intertribal picture writing to communicate with his friend.

Oo-Nuzhe-Cuda is a member of the Omaha tribe, although he is a white man, and among his white brothers he is known under the name of Thomas H. Tibbles, and two years ago he was the Populist nominee for vice president of the United States. Many years ago Mr. Tibbles was adopted into the Omaha tribe, and since then he has had all the rights of the tribe, even being admitted with General Crook, into the great Soldier Lodge of the Indians.

Tibbles cannot speak a word of Sioux, nor can Running Buffalo speak a word of Omaha, but the signs the old Indian chief made are so plain that even a white man who is at all acquainted with the Indian allegories can readily see and understand what was intended to be said.

Here is the letter which Running Buffalo wrote. It is written on a piece of leather about the size of a postal card, and black mineral paint, made by the Indians, is used instead of ink.

As read by Mr. Tibbles, Running Buffalo said:

"The way to the old Indian life (signified by the tepee) is barred and I can no more return thereto (the bars before the tepee). I am now living in the white man's way and I have a horse.

Too Expensive.

Stox—"So your new home is finished throughout with mahogany. Don't you find it a very restful color?"

Bonds—"On the contrary, it keeps me in a continual state of nervous worry."—Detroit Free Press.

O, JOY!

I'd like to be a Polar bear
Up in the frozen north,
Where icebergs rave and rear and tear,
And Peary's holding forth.
I'd like to get a brimming can
Of water from the sea,
So cold 'twould freeze a Boston girl,
And dump it into me.

I'd like to hang a hammock up,
One end upon the Pole,
The other to an iceberg's neck,
And there I'd steep my soul
In ragtime breezes that blow free
Across the frozen space,
With no mosquitoes, bugs or ants
About the frigid place.

And there I'd like to lie and swing
And munch a piece of ice,
And hear the walrus sweetly sing—
I'm told their singing's nice.
And as I lay there drowsily,
With snow and ice to eat,
I'd laugh in my pajama sleeve
At you here in the heat.

Note—Above don't go if snow's on the ground when it appears.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A DISCOVERY CONCERNING SNAKES

One Peter Touchet has made a remarkable contribution to our knowledge concerning snakes. The said Peter keeps a herd of milch cows at Hindsville, in the Berkshires, and a few days ago he made the surprising and disconcerting discovery that every one of the fifteen was dry, so dry that not by the most dexterous manipulation could he coax so much as a drop of milk out of any of them. He thereupon resolved to watch the pasture, and the following day he saw a snake crawl up the hind leg of one of the cows and begin to milk it. Every hour or two there was a new arrival, and we are told that "no kicks from the cows could drive away the reptiles." According to a dispatch from Pittsfield the reptiles are supposed to be striped adders.

Now, this pernicious practice of milking cows has hitherto been attributed generally to Ophibolus doliatus triangulus, a snake which, strange to say, will not touch milk served in a saucer, cup, bowl, beaker or other convenient receptacle, for which reason, among others, many thoughtful people are apt to discredit the stories of his secret thefts. Moreover, their scepticism is confirmed by practiced naturalists upon the ground that, with due consideration of the functions and anatomical construction of cow and snake, such thefts are a manifest physiological impossibility. Is it possible, then, that the so-called "milk snake," by virtue of his name, has heretofore been falsely credited with a habit peculiar to the strange reptile known in the Berkshires as the "striped adder?"

This is a question for the local farmers to decide, and it is to be hoped that they will settle it before completing the war of extermination lately begun. If they leave it to the naturalists, the fate of the milk stealers will assuredly be similar to that of Australia's most notable parrot, which, according to the latest investigations of the scientific gentlemen, has never been known to attack a sheep, much less to practice nephrectomy. A long time ago they likewise disproved the wonderful stories of the so-called hoop-snake, and it was but recently that "a gentleman who has given a great deal of thoughtful study to the snakes of the middle west" explained their error in a communication to the Chicago Inter Ocean, as follows:

"The snake that, after striking, sticks its tail in its mouth and rolls away is not, as I understand it, the hoop-snake, properly so called, but rather the chasing rattler of the prairies, which, after striking, loses the prong-shaped dart in its tail, and, realizing that it is then at the mercy of any enemy it might chance to encounter, forms itself into a hoop and retreats with great precipitation."

He went on to explain that the genuine hoop snake "has neither mouth nor tail" and absorbs nutriment through the pores of its skin, through which it can also see for an incredibly long distance." Here, then, is a plain case of confusion in nomenclature, showing that the professional zoologists were totally ignorant of the remarkable snake with the prong-shaped dart in its tail, confounding it with the tailless snake which has eyes in the pores of its skin.

In all of these zoological questions there seems to be a distinct misunderstanding between the practical naturalists and the professors of science. The Jefferson City correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, for instance, representing the former body, described frogs the other day as "half-fish, half-animal creatures," while the zoologists are said to believe that frogs are wholly animal and not at all fish. It is quite evident, however, that the zoologists know nothing about the fishes, frogs and snakes of the practical naturalists. —New York Evening Sun.

The Force of Heredity.

"How are the children enjoying themselves on the farm?"

"Just as you would expect the children of a city business man to do with their inherited instincts."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they are either in the barnyard speculating about the stock or off with the farmhands gamboling in the corn and wheat."—Baltimore American.

DEATH OF GRAY EAGLE

He Took Refuge in Canada After Custar Massacre.

The death has just occurred at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, of an Indian chief named Waladotta, or Gray Eagle, who took part in the Custer massacre and, like many others of the victorious force in that fight, took refuge in the Canadian Northwest from the vengeance of the United States. Unlike some of his companions, however, when the rebellious half-breeds in Saskatchewan called the Indians to their aid he not only refused, but took an active part in the war on the white men's side. He was a peculiarly fine specimen of the Red Indian, both physically and morally, for he was 6 feet 4 inches tall and conspicuously free from vicious habits. Not long before his death he renounced paganism and entered the Anglican communion, in which his children had already been brought up.—London Times.

WAR ON FISH-EATING BIRDS

The scarcity of the May-fly on favored rivers, so much deplored now by anglers, is attributed by R. B. Marston, the well-known fishing expert, to overproduction of wild birds; and he urges that the complaints which are heard from owners and preservers of fisheries as to the increasing damage done by fish-destroying birds prove that in some directions the acts protecting all wild birds now require modifying.

"For a quarter of a century," Mr. Marston writes, "all kinds of birds and wild fowl have been protected. The object of the acts was to prevent the extinction, or threatened extinction, of some birds. The effect has been to cause a great increase in wild birds generally, but especially those which destroy grain, fruit, vegetables and fish.

"The fine for taking birds' eggs is a sum not exceeding £1 for each egg; and although sparrows are not protected specially, lads in the country who used to get 2d. a dozen for them are now so afraid of the penalties attaching to bird nesting that they prefer to leave the sparrows alone. So of late years on many rivers these birds have taken to hunting the May-flies and other larger water flies, which are snapped up by them or the swallows directly they appear. It is not uncommon now to see immense flocks of sparrows on farms where formerly you had to look for them near the ricks and in the farmyard.

"Sea birds which live on small fish have increased enormously. At a low estimate they can account for three or four dozen small fry in a day, and as there are millions of birds the tax they levy on the harvest of the sea is no slight one. But in some districts these sea fowl appear to have found a difficulty in getting a living in their overcrowded natural haunts, and have taken to go far inland, and may be seen following the plow with the rooks. Complaints have been heard of their robbing game birds' nests and killing young birds.

"On many of our salmon rivers there has been an immense increase in the divers, gulls and cormorants, and as the young salmon of a few inches in length come down the rivers to the estuary and to the sea they are destroyed in myriads. These birds follow the rivers far inland and kill trout as well as samlets and other fish, especially in the wilder parts, where they are undisturbed by river traffic.

"Whatever else is protected, the cormorant and the sparrows and some of the gulls ought to be kept down in every possible way.

"If any purely insect-eating birds have not increased, it is in a great measure due to the increase of feathered relatives who prey on them, or who have, like the sparrows, taken to catch May-flies, and so take the food of the natural fly-catchers."—London Daily Mail.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The Main Chance," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

I ran to the window and peered out into the night. The wood through which we had approached the house seemed to encompass it. The branches of a great tree brushed the panes. I was tugging at the fastening of the window when I became aware of Bates at my elbow.

"Did something happen, sir?"

His unbroken calm angered me. Some one had fired at me through a window and I had narrowly escaped being shot. I resented the unconcern with which this servant accepted the situation.

"Nothing worth mentioning. Somebody tried to assassinate me, that's all," I said, in a voice that failed to be calmly ironical. I was still fumbling at the catch of the window.

"Allow me, sir,"—and he threw up the sash with an ease that increased my irritation.

I leaned out and tried to find some clue to my assailant. Bates opened another window and surveyed the dark landscape with me.

"It was a shot from without, was it, sir?"

"Of course it was; you didn't suppose I shot at myself, did you?"

He examined the broken pane and picked up the bullet from the table.

"It's a rifle ball, I should say."

The bullet was half-flattened by its contact with the wall. It was a cartridge ball of large caliber and might have been fired from either rifle or pistol.

"It's very unusual, sir!" I wheeled upon him angrily and found him fumbling with the bit of metal, a troubled look in his face. He at once continued, as though anxious to allay my fears. "Quite accidental, most likely. Probably boys on the lake are shooting at ducks."

I laughed out so suddenly that Bates started back in alarm.

"You idiot!" I roared, seizing him by the collar with both hands and shaking him fiercely. "You fool! Do the people around here shoot ducks at night? Do they shoot water-fowl with elephant guns and fire at people through windows just for fun?"

I threw him back against the table so that it leaped away from him, and he fell prone on the floor.

"Get up!" I commanded, "and fetch a lantern."

He said nothing, but did as I bade him. We traversed the long, cheerless hall to the front door, and I sent him before me into the woodland. My notions of the geography of the region were the vaguest, but I wished to examine for myself the premises that evidently contained a dangerous prowler. I was very angry and my rage increased as I followed Bates, who had suddenly retired within himself. We stood soon beneath the lights of the refectory window.

The ground was covered with leaves which broke crisply under our feet.

"What lies beyond here?" I demanded.

"About a quarter of mile of woods, sir, and then the lake."

"Go ahead," I ordered, "straight to the lake."

I was soon stumbling through rough underbrush similar to that through which we had approached the house. Bates swung along confidently enough ahead of me, pausing occasionally to hold back the branches. I began to feel, as my rage abated, that I had set out on a foolish undertaking. I was utterly at sea as to the character of the grounds; I was following a man whom I had not seen until two hours before, and whom I began to suspect of all manner of designs upon me. It was wholly unlikely that the person who had fired into the windows would lurk about, and, moreover, the light of the lantern, the crack of the leaves and the breaking of the boughs advertised our approach loudly. I am, however, a person given to steadfastness in error, if nothing else, and I plunged along behind my guide with a grim determination to reach the margin of the lake, if for no other reason than to exercise my authority over the custodian of this strange estate.

A bush slapped me sharply and I stopped to rub the sting from my face.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Bates solicitously, turning with the lantern.

"Of course not," I snapped. "I'm having the time of my life. Are there no paths in this jungle?"

"Not through here, sir. It was Mr. Glenarm's idea not to disturb the wood at all. He was very fond of walking through the timber."

"Not at night, I hope! Where are we now?"

"Quite near the lake, sir."

"Then go on."

I was out of patience with Bates, with the pathless woodland, and, I must confess, with the spirit of John Marshall Glenarm, my grandfather.

We came out presently upon a gravelly beach, and Bates stamped suddenly on a planking.

"This is the Glenarm dock, sir; and that's the boathouse."

He waved his lantern toward a low structure that rose dark beside us. As we stood silent, peering out into the starlight, I heard distinctly the dip of a paddle and the soft gliding motion of a canoe.

"It's a boat, sir," whispered Bates, hiding the lantern under his coat.

I brushed past him and crept to the end of the dock. The paddle dipped on silently and evenly in the still water, but the sound grew fainter. A canoe is the most graceful, the most sensitive, the most inexplicable contrivance of man. With its paddle you may dip up stars along quiet shores or steal into the very harbor of dreams. I knew that furtive splash instantly, and knew that a trained hand wielded the paddle. My boyhood summers in the Maine woods were not, I frequently find, wholly wasted.

The owner of the canoe had evidently stolen close to the Glenarm dock, and had made off when alarmed by the noise of our approach through the wood.

"Have you a boat here?"

"The boathouse is locked and I haven't the key with me, sir," he replied without excitement.

"Of course you haven't it," I snapped, full of anger at his tone of irreproachable respect, and at my own helplessness. I had not even seen the place by daylight, and the woodland behind me and the lake at my feet were things of shadow and mystery. In my rage I stamped my foot.

"Lead the way back," I roared.

I had turned toward the woodland when suddenly there stole across the water a voice—a woman's voice, deep, musical and delberate.

"Really, I shouldn't be so angry if I were you" it said, with a lingering note on the word angry.

"Who are you? What are you doing there?" I bawled.

"Just enjoying a little tranquil thought" was the drawling, mocking reply.

Far out upon the water I heard the dip and glide of the canoe, and saw faintly its outline for a moment; then it was gone. The lake, the surrounding wood, were an unknown world -- the canoe, a boat of dreams. Then again came the voice.

"Good night, merry gentlemen"

"It was a lady, sir," remarked Bates, after we had waited silently for a full minute.

"How clever you are!" I sneered. "I suppose ladies prowl about here at night, shooting ducks or into people's houses."

"It would seem quiet likely, sir."

I should have liked to cast him into the lake, but he was already moving away, the lantern swinging at his side. I followed him back through the woodland to the house.

My spirits quickly responded to the cheering influence of the great library. I stirred the fire on the hearth into life and sat down before it, tired from my tramp. I was mystified and perplexed by the incident that had already marked my coming. It was possible, to be sure, that the bullet which narrowly missed my head in the little dining room had been a wild shot that carried no evil intent. I dismissed at once the idea that it might have been fired from the lake; it had crashed through the glass with too much force to have come so far; and, moreover, I could hardly imagine even a rifle ball's finding an unimpeded right of way through so dense a strip of wood. I found it difficult to get rid of the idea that some one had taken a potshot at me.

The woman's mocking voice from the lake added to my perplexity. It was not, I reflected, such a voice as one might expect to hear from a country girl; nor could I imagine any errand that would excuse a woman's presence abroad on an October night whose cool air inspired first confidences with fire and lamp. There was something haunting in that last cry across the water; it kept repeating itself over and over in my ears. It was a voice of quality, of breeding and charm.

"Good night, merry gentlemen!"

In Indiana, I reflected, rustics, young or old, men or women, were probably not greatly given to salutations of just this temper.

Bates now appeared.

"Beg pardon, sir; but your room's ready whenever you wish to retire."

I looked about in search of a clock.

"There are no timepieces in the house, Mr. Glenarm. Your grandfather was quite opposed to them. He had a theory, sir, that they were conducive, as he said, to idleness. He considered that a man should work by his conscience, sir, and not by the clock—the one being more exacting than the other."

I smiled as I drew out my watch—as much at Bates' solemn tones and grim lean visage as at his quotation from my grandsire. But the fellow puzzled and annoyed me. His unobtrusive black clothes, his smoothly-brushed hair, his shaven face, awakened an antagonism in me.

"Bates, if you didn't fire that shot through the window, who did—will you answer me that?"

"Yes, sir; if I didn't do it, it's quite a large question who did. I'll grant you that, sir."

I stared at him. He met my gaze directly without flinching; nor was there anything insolent in his tone or attitude. He continued:

"I didn't do it, sir. I was in the pantry when I heard the crash in the refectory window. The bullet came from out of doors, as I should judge, sir."

The facts and conclusions were undoubtedly with Bates, and I felt that I had not acquitted myself creditably in my effort to fix the crime on him. My abuse of him had been tactless, to say the least, and I now tried another line of attack.

"Of course, Bates, I was merely joking. What's your own theory of the matter?"

"I have no theory, sir. Mr. Glenarm always warned me against theories. He said—if you will pardon me—there was great danger in the speculative mind."

The man spoke with a slight Irish accent, which in itself puzzled me. I have always been attentive to the peculiarities of speech, and his was not the brogue of the Irish servant class. Larry Donovan, who was English-born, used on occasions an exaggerated Irish dialect that was wholly different from the smooth liquid tones of Bates. But more things than his speech were to puzzle me in this man.

"The person in the canoe? How do you account for her?" I asked.

"I haven't accounted for her, sir. There's no women on these grounds, or any sort of person except ourselves."

"But there are neighbors — farmers, people of some kind must live along the lakes."

"A few, sir; and then there's the school quite a bit beyond your own west wall."

His slight reference to my proprietorship, my own wall, as he put it, pleased me.

"Oh, yes; there is a school—girls?—yes; Mr. Pickering mentioned it. But the girls hardly paddle on the lake at night, at this season—hunting ducks—should you say, Bates?"

"I don't believe they do any shooting, Mr. Glenarm. It's a pretty strict school, I judge, sir, from all accounts."

"And the teachers—they are all women?"

"They're the Sisters of St. Agatha, I believe they call them. I sometimes see them walking abroad. They're very quiet neighbors, and they go away in the summer usually, except Sister Theresa. The school's her regular home, sir. And there's the little chapel quite near the wall; the young minister lives there; and the gardener's the only other man on the grounds."

So my immediate neighbors were Protestant nuns and schoolgirls, with a chaplain and gardener thrown in for variety. Still, the chaplain might be a social resource. There was nothing in the terms of my grandfather's will to prevent my cultivating the acquaintance of a clergyman. It even occurred to me that this might be a part of the game; my soul was to be watched over by a rural priest, while, there being nothing else to do, I was to give my attention to the study of architecture. Bates, my guard and housekeeper, was brushing the hearth with deliberate care.

"Show me my cell," I said, rising, "and I'll go to bed."

He brought from somewhere a great brass candlelabrum that held a dozen lights, and explained:

"This was Mr. Glenarm's habit. He always used this one to go to bed with. I'm sure he'd wish you to have it, sir."

I thought I detected something like a quaver in the man's voice. My grandfather's memory was dear to him, I reflected, and I was moved to compassion for him.

"How long were you with Mr. Glenarm, Bates?" I inquired, as I followed him into the hall.

"Five years, sir. He employed me the year you went abroad. I remember very well his speaking of it. He greatly admired you, sir."

He led the way, holding the cluster of lights high for my guidance up the broad stairway.

The hall above shared the generous lines of the whole house, but the walls were white and hard to the eye. Rough planks had been laid down for a floor, and beyond the light of the candles lay a dark region that gave out ghostly echoes as the loose boards rattled under our feet.

"I hope you'll not be too much disappointed, sir," said Bates, pausing a moment before opening a door. "It's all quite unfinished, but comfortable, I should say, quite comfortable."

"Open the door!"

He was not my host and I did not relish his apology. I walked past him into a small sitting room that was, in a way, a miniature of the great library below. Open shelves filled with books lined the apartment to the ceiling on every hand, save where a small fireplace, a cabinet and table were built into the walls. In the center of the room was a long table with writing materials set in nice order. I opened a handsome case and found that it contained a set of draftsman's instruments.

I groaned aloud.

"Mr. Glenarm preferred this room for working. The tools were his very own, sir."

"The devil they were!" I exclaimed irascibly. I snatched a book from the nearest shelf and threw it open on the table. It was The Tower: Its Early Use for Purposes of Defense. London: 1816.

I closed it with a slam.

"The sleeping room is beyond, sir. I hope—"

"Don't you hope any more!" I growled; "and it doesn't make any difference whether I'm disappointed or not."

"Certainly not, sir!" he replied in a tone that made me ashamed of myself.

The adjoining bedroom was small and meagerly furnished. The walls were untinted and were relieved only by prints of English cathedrals, French chateaux, and like suggestions of the best things known to architecture. The bed was the commonest iron type; and the other articles of furniture were chosen with a strict regard for utility. My trunks and bags had been carried in and Bates asked from the door for my commands.

"Mr. Glenarm always breakfasted at seven-thirty, sir, as near as he could hit it without a timepiece, and he was quite punctual. His ways were a little odd, sir. He used to prowl about at night a good deal, and there was no following him."

"I fancy I shan't do much prowling," I declared. "And my grandfather's breakfast hour will suit me exactly, Bates."

"If there's nothing further, sir—"

"That's all—and Bates—"

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

"Of course you understand that I didn't really mean to imply that you had fired that shot at me?"

"I beg you not to mention it, Mr. Glenarm."

"But it was a little queer. If you should gain any light on the subject, let me know."

"Certainly, sir."

"But I believe, Bates, that we'd better keep the shades down at night. These duck hunters hereabouts are apparently reckless. And you might attend to these now—and every evening hereafter."

I wound my watch as he obeyed. I admit that in my heart I still half suspected the fellow of complicity with the person who had fired at me through the dining room window. It was rather odd, I reflected, that the shades should have been open, though I might account for this by the fact that this curious unfinished establishment was not subject to the usual laws governing orderly housekeeping. Bates was evidently aware of my suspicions, and he remarked, drawing down the last of the plain green shades:

"Mr. Glenarm never drew them, sir. It was a saying of his, if I may repeat his words, that he liked the open. These are eastern windows, and he took a quiet pleasure in letting the light awaken him. It was one of his oddities, sir."

"To be sure. That's all, Bates."

He gravely bade me good night, and I followed him to the outer door and watched his departing figure, lighted by a single candle that he had produced from his pocket.

I stood for several minutes listening to his step, tracing it through the hall below—as far as my knowledge of the house would permit. Then, in unknown regions, I could hear the closing of doors and drawing of bolts. Verily, my jailer was a person of painstaking habits.

I opened my traveling case and distributed its contents on the dressing-table. I had carried through all my adventures a folding leather photograph holder, containing portraits of my father and mother and of John Marshall Glenarm, my grandfather, and this I set up on the mantel in the little sitting room. I felt tonight as never before how alone I was in the world, and a need for companionship and sympathy stirred in me. It was with a new and curious interest that I peered into my grandfather's shrewd old eyes. He used to come and go fitfully at my father's house; but my father had displeased him in various ways that I need not recite, and my father's death had left me with an estrangement which I had widened by my own acts.

Now that I had reached Glenarm, my mind reverted to Pickering's estimate of the value of my grandfather's estate. Although John Marshall Glenarm was an eccentric man, he had been able to accumulate a large fortune; and yet I had allowed the executor to tell me that he had died comparatively poor. In so readily accepting the terms of the will and burying myself in a region of which I knew nothing, I had cut myself off from the usual channels of counsel. If I left the place to return to New York I should simply disinherit myself. At Glenarm I was, and there I must remain to the end of the year; I grew bitter against Pickering as I reflected upon the ease with which he had got rid of me. I had always satisfied myself that my wits were as keen as his, but I wondered now whether I had not stupidly put myself in his power.

CHAPTER V.

I looked out on the bright October morning with a renewed sense of isolation. Trees crowded about my windows, many of them still wearing their festal colors, scarlet and brown and gold, with the bright green of some sulking companion standing out here and there with startling vividness. I put on an old corduroy outing suit and heavy shoes, ready for a tramp abroad, and went below.

The great library seemed larger than ever when I beheld it in the morning light. I opened one of the French windows and stepped out on a stone terrace, where I gained a fair view of the exterior of the house, which proved to be a modified Tudor, with battlements and two towers. One of the latter was only half finished, and to it and to other parts of the house the workmen's scaffolding still clung. Heaps of stone and piles of lumber were scattered about in great disorder. The house extended partly along the edge of a ravine, through which a slender creek ran toward the lake. The terrace became a broad balcony immediately outside the library, and beneath it the water bubbled pleasantly around heavy stone pillars. Two pretty rustic bridges spanned the ravine, one near the front entrance, the other at the rear. My grandfather had begun his house on a generous plan, but, buried as it was among the trees, it suffered from lack of perspective. However, on one side toward the lake was a fair meadow, broken by a water-tower, and just beyond the west dividing wall I saw a little chapel; and still further, in the same direction, the outlines of the buildings of St. Agatha's were eagerly perceptible in another strip of woodland.

The thought of gentle nuns and schoolgirls as neighbors amused me. All I asked was that they should keep to their own side of the wall.

I heard behind me the careful step of Bates.

"Good morning, Mr. Glenarm. I trust you rested well, sir."

His figure was as austere, his tone as respectful and colorless as by night. The morning light gave him a pallid cast. He suffered my examination coolly enough; his eyes were, indeed, the best thing about him.

"This is what Mr. Glenarm called the platform. I believe it's in Hamlet, sir."

I laughed aloud. "Elsinore: A Platform Before the Castle."

"It was one of Mr. Glenarm's little fancies, you might call it, sir."

"And the ghost—where does the murdered majesty of Denmark lie by day?"

"I fear it wasn't provided, sir! As you see, Mr. Glenarm, the house is quite incomplete. My late master had not carried out all his plans."

Bates did not smile. I fancied he never smiled, and I wondered whether John Marshall Glenarm had played upon the man's lack of humor. My grandfather had been possessed of a certain grim, ironical gift at jesting, and quite likely he had amused himself by experimenting upon his serving man.

"You may breakfast when you like, sir"—and thus admonished I went into the refectory.

A newspaper lay at my plate; it was the morning's issue of a Chicago daily. I was, then, not wholly out of the world, I reflected, scanning the head-lines.

"Your grandfather rarely examined the paper. Mr. Glenarm was more particularly interested in the old times. He wasn't what you might call up to date—if you will pardon the expression, sir."

"You are quite right about that, Bates. He was a medievalist in his sympathies."

"Thank you for that word, sir; I've frequently heard him apply it to himself. The plain omelette was a great favorite with your grandfather. I hope it is to your liking, sir."

"It's excellent, Bates. And your coffee is beyond praise."

"Thank you, Mr. Glenarm. One does what one can, sir."

He had placed me so that I faced the windows, an attention to my comfort and safety which I appreciated. The broken pane told the tale of the shot that had so narrowly missed me the night before.

"I'll repair that today, sir." Bates remarked, seeing my eyes upon the window.

"You know that I'm to spend a year on this place; I assume that you understand the circumstances," I said, feeling it wise that we should understand each other.

"Quite so, Mr. Glenarm."

"I'm a student, you know, and all I want is to be left alone."

This I threw in to reassure myself rather than for his information. It was just as well, I reflected, to assert a little authority, even though the fellow undoubtedly represented Pickering and received orders from him.

"In a day or two, or as soon as I have got used to the place, I shall settle down to work in the library. You may give me breakfast at seven-thirty; luncheon at one-thirty and dinner at seven."

"Those were my late master's hours, sir."

"Very good. And I'll eat anything you please, except mutton broth, meat pie and canned strawberries. Strawberries in tins, Bates, are not well calculated to lift the spirit of man."

"I quite agree with you, sir, if you will pardon my opinion."

"And the bills—"

"They are provided for by Mr. Pickering. He sends me an allowance for the household expenses."

"So you are to report to him, are you, as heretofore?"

I blew out a match with which I had lighted a cigar and watched the smoking end intently.

"I believe that's the idea, sir."

It is not pleasant to be under compulsion—to feel your freedom curtailed, to be conscious of espionage. I rose without a word and went into the hall.

"You may like to have the keys," said Bates, following me. "There's two for the gates in the outer wall and one for

The Most Valuable Bundle

It Is Only Eight Inches Square, but Contains $40,000,000 in $10,000 Bills.

Wealth sufficient to reimburse Uncle Sam for the price paid France for the Panama canal route and all rights and equipment appertaining thereto now lies in a small, insignificant-looking package in one of the reserve vaults of the treasury building in Washington.

In this package, covered with coarse white paper, and bearing the oval seal of the division of issues, is the sum of $40,000,000. The amount is made up of 4,000 $10,000 gold certificates.

The mention of $40,000,000 is comprehensible to treasury officials only, and to the mind of the average reader it brings only a vague wonder. A few of the purchasing powers of this sum will help to clear away the mist.

Each dimension of the package is about eight inches, and the weight is 11 pounds. A cubic inch, in proper condition, is worth almost $8,000, while a pound of the large bills will bring more than $3,000,000, or will buy a first-class battleship.

Uncle Sam could, on a national holiday, divide the amount among his many people so that he would still have pin money after giving each man, woman and child in the country a half dollar. To each inhabitant would be furnished a substantial dinner, or he might forego the pleasure of catering to the inner man and enjoy 12 street car rides.

If the citizens of Washington should decide to make a concentrated attack on the treasury, and should be able to obtain this little package of money, each man, woman and child might receive about $130 for his or her pains after the division of the spoils. As a result of this government work in Washington would probably become clogged on account of an exodus of government clerks to popular summer resorts.

Navy officials would rejoice at the receipt of this package, for with its use they might supplement their fighting force by at least ten first-class battleships. A balance of $10,000,000 would remain after paying for the $20,000,000 issue of Panama canal bonds, which would also cover the recent appropriations for public buildings throughout the country.

The first of the department series of gold certificates of the $10,000 denomination are numbered from 1 to 4,000, bearing treasurer Treat's signature. In only four other instances has such vast wealth been gathered in such a small space under one cover. The issues of the large denomination are exceedingly rare. As the bills are used only in large transactions of banks among themselves, there is very little wear and tear on them in comparison with that on bills of small denominations.

There are two varieties of $10,000 bills. The one is engraved only upon one side, and must be signed by the assistant treasurer at the subtreasury where it is issued. The reverse side is left blank for indorsements, and the bills are known as "gold to order certificates."

The $10,000 bills of the department issue, however, bear a slight resemblance to the $20 bills and may be passed as currency without indorsement. On the face of the certificate is a picture of Andrew Jackson. In addition to the description: "This certifies that there have been deposited in the treasury of the United States ten thousand dollars in gold coin, repayable to the bearer on demand." The facsimile signatures of Charles H. Treat, as treasurer, and W. T. Vernon, as register of the treasury, appear at the bottom.

On the right of the reverse side is the picture of the American spread eagle, while at the left is a circular design bearing the figures "$10,000." This side is printed in a yellowish brown tint.—New York Herald.

the St. Agatha's gate; they're marked, as you see. And here's the hall-door key and the boathouse key that you asked for last night."

After an hour spent in unpacking I went out into the grounds. I had thought it well to wire Pickering of my arrival, and I set out for Annandale to send him a telegram. My spirit lightened under the influences of the crisp air and cheering sunshine. What had seemed strange and shadowy at night was clear enough by day.

I found the gate through which we had entered the grounds the night before without difficulty. The stone wall was assuredly no flimsy thing. It was built in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, and I mentally computed its probable cost with amazement. There were, I reflected, much more satisfactory ways of spending money than in building walls around Indiana forests. But the place was mine, or as good as mine, and there was no manner of use in quarreling with the whims of my dead grandfather. At the expiration of a year I could tear down the wall if I pleased; and as to the incomplete house, that I should sell or remodel to my liking.

On the whole, I settled into an amiable state of mind; my perplexity over the shot of the night before was passing away under the benign influences of blue sky and warm sunshine. A few farm-folk passed me in the highway and gave me my good morning in the fashion of the country, inspecting my knickerbockers at the same time with frank disapproval. I reached the lake and gazed out upon its quiet waters with satisfaction. At the foot of Annandale's main street was a dock where several small steamcraft and a number of catboats were being dismantled for the winter. As I passed, a man approached the dock in a skiff, landed and tied his boat. He started toward the village at a quick pace, but turned and eyed me with rustic directness.

"Good morning!" I said. "Any ducks about?"

He paused, nodded and fell into step with me.

"No—not enough to pay for the trouble."

"I'm sorry for that. I'd hoped to pick up a few."

"I guess you're a stranger in these parts," he remarked, eying me again—my knickerbockers no doubt marking me as an alien.

"Quite so. My name is Glenarm, and I've just come."

"I thought you might be him. We've rather been expecting you here in the village. I'm John Morgan, caretaker of the resorters' houses up the lake."

"I suppose you all knew my grandfather hereabouts."

"Well, yes; you might say as we did, or you might say as we didn't. He wasn't just the sort that you got next to in a hurry. He kept pretty much to himself. He built a wall there to keep us out, but he needn't have troubled himself. We're not the kind around here to meddle, and you may be sure the summer people never bothered him."

There was a tone of resentment in his voice, and I hastened to say:

"I'm sure you're mistaken about the purposes of that wall. My grandfather was a student of architecture. It was a hobby of his. The house and wall were in the line of his experiments, and to please his whims. I hope the people of the village won't hold any hard feelings against his memory or against me. Why, the labor there must have been a good thing for the people hereabouts."

"It ought to have been," said the man gruffly; "but that's where the trouble comes in. He brought a lot of queer fellows here under contract to work for him—Italians, or Greeks, or some sort of foreigners. They built the wall, and he had them at work inside for half a year. He didn't even let them out for air; and when they finished his job he loaded 'em on to a train one day and hauled 'em away."

"That was quite like him, I'm sure," I said, remembering with amusement my grandfather's secretive ways.

"I guess he was a crank all right," said the man conclusively.

It was evident that he did not care to establish friendly relations with a resident of Glenarm. He was about forty, light, with a yellow beard and pale blue eyes. He was dressed roughly and wore a shabby soft hat.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to assume responsibility for him and his acts," I remarked, piqued by the fellow's surliness.

We had reached the center of the village, and he left me abruptly, crossing the street to one of the shops. I continued on to the railway station, where I wrote and paid for my message. The station master inspected me carefully as I searched my pockets for change.

"You want your telegrams delivered at the house?" he asked.

"Yes, please," I answered, and he turned away to his desk of clicking instruments without looking at me again.

It seemed wise to establish relations with the postoffice, so I made myself known to the girl who stood at the delivery window.

"You already have a box," she advised me. "There's a boy carries the mail to your house; Mr. Bates hires him."

Bates had himself given me this information, but the girl seemed to find pleasure in imparting it with a certain severity. I then bought a cake of soap at the principal drug store and purchased a package of smoking tobacco, which I did not need, at a grocery.

News of my arrival had evidently reached the villagers; I was conceited enough to imagine that my presence was probably of interest to them; but the station master, the girl at the postoffice and the clerks in the shops treated me with an unmistkable cold reserve. There was a certain evenness of the chill which they visited upon me, as though a particular degree of frigidity had been determined in advance.

I shrugged my shoulders and turned toward Glenarm. My grandfather had left me a cheerful legacy of distrust among my neighbors, the result, probably, of importing foreign labor to work on his house. The surly Morgan had intimated as much, but it did not greatly matter. I had not come to Glenarm to cultivate the rusties, but to fulfill certain obligations laid down in my grandfather's will. I was, so to speak, on duty, and I much preferred that the villagers should let me alone. Comforting myself with these reflections I reached the wharf, where I saw Morgan sitting with his feet dangling over the water, smoking a pipe.

I nodded in his direction, but he feigned not to see me. A moment later he jumped into his boat and rowed out into the lake.

When I returned to the house Bates was at work in the kitchen. This was a large, square room with heavy timbers showing in the walls and low ceiling. There was a great fireplace having an enormous chimney and fitted with a crane and bobs, but for practical purposes a small range was provided.

Bates received me placidly.

"Yes; it's an unusual kitchen, sir. Mr. Glenarm copied it from an old kitchen in England. He took quite a pride in it. It's a pleasant place to sit in the evening, sir."

He showed me the way below, where I found that the cellar extended under every part of the house, and was divided into large chambers. The door of one of them was of heavy oak, bound in iron, with a barred opening at the top. A great iron hasp with a heavy padlock and grilled area windows gave further the impression of a cell, and I fear that at this, as at many other things in the curious house, I swore—if I did not laugh—thinking of the money my grandfather had expended in realizing his whims. The room was used, I noted with pleasure, as a depository for potatoes. I asked Bates whether he knew my grandfather's purpose in providing a cell in his house.

"That, sir, was another of the dead master's ideas. He remarked to me once that it was just as well to have a dungeon in a well-appointed house, —his humor again, sir! And it comes in quite handy for the potatoes."

In another room I found a curious collection of lanterns of every conceivable description, grouped on shelves, and next door to this was a store-room filled with brass candlesticks of many odd designs. I shall not undertake to describe my sensations as, peering about with a candle in my hand, the vagaries of John Marshall Glenarm's mind were further disclosed to me. It was almost beyond belief that any man with such whims should ever have had the money to gratify them.

I returned to the main floor and studied the titles of the books in the library, finally smoking a pipe over a very tedious chapter in an exceedingly dull work on Norman Revivals and Influences. Then I went out, assuring myself that I should get steadily to work in a day or two. It was not yet 11 o'clock, and time was sure to move deliberately within the stone walls of my prison. The long winter lay before me in which I must study perforce, and just now it was pleasant to view the landscape in all its autumn splendor.

Bates was soberly chopping wood at a rough pile of timber at the rear of the house. His industry had already impressed me. He had the quiet ways of an ideal serving man.

"Well, Bates, you don't intend to let me freeze to death, do you? There must be enough in that pile there to last all winter."

"Yes, sir; I am just cutting a little more of the hickory, sir. Mr. Glenarm always preferred it to beech or maple. We only take out the old timber. The summer storms eat into the wood pretty bad, sir."

"Oh, hickory, to be sure! I've heard it's the best firewood. That's very thoughtful of you."

I turned next to the unfinished tower in the meadow, from which a windmill pumped water to the house, the iron frame was not wholly covered with stone, but material for the remainder of the work lay scattered at the base. I went on through the wood to the lake and inspected the boat house. It was far more pretentious than I had imagined from my visit in the dark. It was of two stories, the upper half being a cozy lounging room, with wide windows and a fine outlook over the water. The unplastered walls were hung with Indian blankets; lounging chairs and a broad seat under the windows, colored matting on the floor and a few prints pinned upon the Navajoes gave further color to the place.

I followed the pebbly shore to the stone wall where it marked the line of the school grounds. The wall, I observed, was of the same solid character here as along the road. I tramped beside it, reflecting that my grandfather's estate, in the heart of the Republic, would some day give the lie to foreign complaints that we have no ruins in America.

I had assumed that there was no opening in the wall, but half way to the road I found an iron gate, fastened with chain and padlock, by means of which I climbed to the top. The pillars at either side of the gate were of huge dimensions and were higher than I could reach. An intelligent forester had cleared the wood in the school grounds, which were of the same general character as the Glenarm estate. The little Gothic church near at hand was built of stone similar to that used in Glenarm House. As I surveyed the scene a number of young women came from one of the school buildings, and, forming in twos and fours, walked back and forth in a rough path that led to the chapel. A sister clad in a brown habit lingered near or walked first with one and then another of the students. It was all very pretty and interesting and not at all the ugly school for paupers I had expected to find. The students were not the charity children I had carelessly pictured; they were not so young, for one thing, and they seemed to be appareled decently enough.

I smiled to find myself adjusting my scarf and straightening my collar as I beheld my neighbors for the first time.

As I sat thus on the wall I heard the sound of angry voices back of me on the Glenarm side, and a crash of underbrush marked a flight and pursuit. I crouched down on the wall and waited. In a moment a man plunged through the wood and stumbled over a low-hanging vine and fell, not ten yards from where I lay. To my great surprise it was Morgan, my acquaintance of the morning. He rose, cursed his ill luck and, hugging the wall close, ran toward the lake. Instantly the pursuer broke into view. It was Bates, evidently much excited and with an ugly cut across his forehead. He carried a heavy club, and, after listening for a moment for sounds of the enemy, he hurried after the caretaker.

It was not my row, though I must say it quickened my curiosity. I straightened myself out, threw my legs over the school side of the wall and lighted a cigar, feeling cheered by the opportunity the stone barricads offered for observing the world.

As I looked off toward the little church I found two other actors appearing on the scene. A girl stood in a little opening of the wood, talking to a man. Her hands were thrust into the pockets of her covert coat; she wore a red tam-o'-shanter, that made a bright bit of color in the wood. They were not more than twenty feet away, but a wild growth of young maples lay between us, screening the wall. Their profiles were toward me, and the tones of the girl's voice reached me clearly, as she addressed her companion. He wore a clergyman's high waistcoat, and I assumed that he was the chaplain whom Bates had mentioned. I am not by nature an eavesdropper, but the girl was clearly making a plea of some kind, and the chaplain's stalwart figure awoke in me an antagonism that held me to the wall.

"If he comes here I shall go away, so you may as well understand it and tell him. I shan't see him under any circumstances, and I'm not going to Florida or California or anywhere else in a private car, no matter who chaperones it."

"Certainly not, unless you want to —certainly not," said the chaplain. "You understand that I'm only giving you his message. He thought it best—"

"Not to write to me or to Sister Theresa!" interrupted the girl contemptuously. "What a clever man he is!"

"And how unclever I am!" said the clergyman, laughing. "Well, I thank you for giving me the opportunity to present his message."

She smiled, nodded and turned swiftly toward the school. The chaplain looked after her for a few moments, then walked away soberly toward the lake. He was a young fellow, clean-shaven and dark, and with a pair of shoulders that gave me a twinge of envy. I could not guess how great a factor that vigorous figure was to be in my own affairs. As I swung down from the wall and walked toward Glenarm House, my thoughts were not with the athletic chaplain, but with the girl, whose youth was, I reflected, marked by her short skirt, the unconcern of her coat, and the irresponsible tilt of the tam-o'-shanter. There is something jaunty, a suggestion of spirit and independence in a tam-o'-shanter, particularly a red one. If the red tam-o'-shanter expressed, so to speak, the keynote of St. Agatha's, the proximity of the school was not so bad a thing after all.

In high good humor and with a sharp appetite I went in to luncheon.

CHAPTER VI.

"The persimmons are off the place, sir. Mr. Glenarm was very fond of the fruit."

I had never seen a persimmon before, but I was in a mood for experiment. The frost-broken rind was certainly forbidding, but the rich pulp brought a surprise of joy to my palate. Bates watched me with respectful satisfaction. His gravity was in no degree diminished by the presence of a neat strip of flesh-colored court plaster over his right eye. A faint suggestion of arnica hung in the air.

"This is a quiet life," I remarked, wishing to give him an opportunity to explain his encounter of the morning.

"You are quite right, sir. As your grandfather used to say, it's place of peace."

"When nobody shoots at you through a window," I suggested.

"Such a thing is likely to happen to any gentleman," he replied, "but not likely to happen more than once, if you'll allow the philosophy."

He did not refer to his encounter with the caretaker, and I resolved to keep my knowledge of it to myself. I always prefer to let a rascal hang himself, and here was a case, I reasoned, where, if Bates were disloyal to the duties Pickering had imposed upon him, the fact of his perfidy was bound to disclose itself eventually. Glancing around at him when he was off guard I surprised a look of utter dejection upon his face as he stood with folded arms behind my chair.

He flushed and started, then put his hand to his forehead.

"I met with a slight accident this morning, sir. The hickory's very tough, sir. A piece of wood flew up and struck me."

"Too bad!" I said with sympathy. "You'd better rest a bit this afternoon."

"Thank you, sir; but it's a small matter—only, you might think it a trifle disfiguring."

He struck a match for my cigarette, and I left without looking at him again. But as I crossed the threshold of the library I formulated this note: "Bates is a liar, for one thing, and a person with active enemies for another; watch him."

All things considered, the day was passing well enough. I picked up a book, and threw myself on a comfortable divan to smoke and reflect before continuing my explorations. As I lay there, Bates brought me a telegram, a reply to my message to Pickering. It read:

"Yours announcing arrival received and filed."

It was certainly a queer business, my errand to Glenarm. I lay for a couple of hours dreaming, and counted the candles in the great crystal chandelier until my eyes ached. Then I rose, took my cap, and was soon tramping off toward the lake.

There were several small boats and a naphtha launch in the boathouse. I dropped a canoe into the water and paddled off toward the summer colony, whose gables and chimneys were plainly visible from the Glenarm shore.

I landed and roamed idly over leaf-strewn walks past nearly a hundred cottages, to whose windows and verandas the winter blinds gave a dreary and inhospitable air. There was, at one point, a casino, whose broad veranda hung over the edge of the lake, while beneath, on the water side, was a boat house. I had from this point a fine view of the lake, and I took advantage of it to fix in my mind the topography of the region. I could see the bold outlines of Glenarm House and its red-tile roofs; and the gray tower of the little chapel beyond the wall rose above the wood with a placid dignity. Above the trees everywhere hung the shadowy smoke of autumn.

I walked back to the wharf, where I had left my canoe, and was about to step into it when I saw, rocking at a similar landing place nearby, another slight craft of the same type as my own, but painted dark maroon. I was sure the canoe had not been there when I landed. Possibly it belonged to Morgan, the caretaker. I walked over and examined it. I even lifted it slightly in the water to test its weigh. The paddle lay on the dock beside me, and it, too, I weighed critically, deciding that it was a trifle light for my own taste.

"Please—if you don't mind—"

I turned to stand face to face with the girl in the red tam-o'-shanter.

"I beg your pardon," I said, stepping away from the canoe.

She did not wear the covert coat of the morning, but a red knit jacket, buttoned tight about her. She was young with every emphasis of youth. A pair of dark blue eyes examined me with good-humored curiosity. She was on good terms with the sun—I rejoiced in the brown of her cheeks, so eloquent of companionship with the outdoor world—a certificate indeed of the favor of Heaven. Show me, in October, a girl with a face of tan, whose hands have plied a paddle or driven a golf ball or cast a fly beneath the blue arches of summer, and I will suffer her scorn in joy. She may vote me dull and refute my wisest word with laughter, for hers are the privileges of the sisterhood of Diana; and that soft bronze, those daring fugitive freckles beneath her eyes, link her to times when Pan whistled upon his reed and all the days were long.

She had approached silently and was enjoying, I felt sure, my discomfiture at being taken unawares.

I had snatched off my cap and stood waiting beside the canoe, feeling, I must admit, a trifle guilty at being caught in the unwarrantable inspection of another person's property—particularly a person so wholly pleasing to the eye.

"Really, if you don't need that paddle any more—"

I looked down and found to my annoyance that I held it in my hand—was in fact leaning upon it with a cool air of proprietorship.

"Again, I beg your pardon," I said. "I hadn't expected—"

She eyed me calmly with the stare of the child that arrives at a drawing-room door by mistake and scrutinizes the guests without awe. I didn't know what I had expected or had not expected, and she manifested no intention of helping me to explain. Her short skirt suggested fifteen or sixteen—not more—and such being the case there was no reason why I should not be master of the situation. As I fumbled my pipe the hot coals of tobacco burned my hand and I cast the thing from me.

She laughed a little and watched the pipe bound from the dock into the water.

"Too bad!" she said, her eyes upon it; "but if you hurry you may get it before it floats away."

"Thank you for the sugerstion," I said. But I did not relish the idea of kneeling on the dock to fish for a pipe before a strange school-girl who was, I felt sure, anxious to laugh at me.

She took a step toward the line by which her boat was fastened.

"Allow me."

"If you think you can—safely," she said; and the laughter that lurked in her eyes annoyed me.

"The feminine knot is designed for the confusion of man," I observed, twitching vainly at the rope, which was tied securely in unfamiliar loops.

She was singularly unresponsive. The thought that she was probably laughing at my clumsiness did not make my fingers more nimble.

"The nautical instructor at St. Agatha's is undoubtedly a woman. This knot must come in the post-graduate course. But my gallantry is equal, I trust, to your patience."

The maid in the red tam-o'-shanter continued silent. The wet rope was obdurate, the knot more and more hopeless, and my efforts to make light of the situation awakened no response in the girl. I tugged away at the rope, attacking its tangle on various theories.

"A case for surgery, I'm afraid. A truly Gordian knot, but I haven't my knife."

"Oh, but you wouldn't!" she exclaimed. "I think I can manage."

She bent down—I was aware that the sleeve of her jacket brushed my shoulder —seized an end that I had ignored, gave it a sharp tug with a slim brown hand and pulled the knot free.

"There!" she exclaimed with a little laugh; "I might have saved you all the bother."

"How dull of me! But I didn't have the combination," I said, steadying the canoe carefully to mitigate the ignominy of my failure.

She scorned the hand I extended, but embarked with light confident step and took the paddle. It was growing late. The shadows in the wood were deepening; a chill crept over the water, and, beyond the tower of the chapel the sky was bright with the splendor of sunset.

With a few skillful strokes she brought her little craft beside my pipe, picked it up and tossed it to the wharf.

"Perhaps you can pipe a tune upon it," she said, dipping the paddle tentatively.

"You put me under great obligations," I declared. "Are all the girls at St. Agatha's as amiable?"

"I should say not! I'm a great exception—and—I really shouldn't be talking to you at all! It's against the rules! And we don't encourage smoking."

"The chaplain doesn't smoke, I suppose."

"Not in chapel; I believe it isn't done! And we rarely see him elsewhere."

She had idled with the paddle so far, but now lifted her eyes and drew back the blade for a long stroke.

"But in the wood—this morning—by the wall!"

I hate myself to this day for having so startled her. The poised blade dropped into the water with a splash; she brought the canoe a trifle nearer to the wharf with an almost imperceptible stroke, and turned toward me with wonder and dismay in her eyes.

"So you are an eavesdropper and detective, are you? I beg that you will give your master my compliments! I really owe you an apology; I thought you were a gentleman!" she exclaimed with withering emphasis, and dipped her blade deep in flight.

I called, stammering incoherently, after her, but her light argosy skimmed the water steadily. The paddle rose and fell with trained precision, making scarcely a ripple as she stole softly away toward the fairy towers of the sunset. I stood looking after her, goaded with self-contempt. A glory of yellow and red filled the west. Suddenly the wind moaned in the wood behind the line of cottages, swept over me and rippled the surface of the lake. I watched its flight until it caught her canoe and I marked the flimsy craft's quick response, as the shaken waters bore her alert figure upward on the swell, her blade still maintaining its regular dip, until she disappeared behind a little peninsula that made a harbor near the school grounds.

The red tam-o'-shanter seemed at last to merge in the red sky, and I turned to my canoe and paddled cheerlessly home.

(To be Continued.)

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

Drinking of intoxicating liquors is an expensive luxury for members of the Chicago Milk Wagon Drivers' union. The union imposes a fine of from $5 to $25 or expels any member found drinking, or even smoking, during working hours, and Steve C. Sumner, the business agent, and A. W. Neer, president of the union, have organized themselves into a bicycle corps to enforce the rule. Whenever they find a milk wagon standing outside a saloon the cycling crusaders dismount and Sumner enters the front way, while Neer makes a flank movement, approaching the side door. He is trapped and finds his "schooner" snatched away, like as not just as it is being raised to his lips. The wrathful countenance of Steve Sumner confronts the bibulous one on one side; the wrathful face of Neer on the other. And they read the trapped man the rules of the union: "The union agrees that if charges of drunkenness, dishonesty or drinking or smoking while on duty be preferred against members of the union such members shall be expelled if the charges are found true and will not be readmitted to membership." That is the way the agreement between the union and the dairymen of Chicago reads. More than 100 of the 1,500 members have signed the pledge to abstain completely from using drings stronger than lemonade. "Drink buttermilk!" is Sumner's injunction to his members.—Chicago Daily News.

Pantagruellic feasting up to date: At Szeged in Hungary, there has come to a close a triple wedding feast on a scale of Pantagruellic confusion, rare even for that country of medioeval survivals. Three brothers were married together, and the festivities lasted eight days. Seven hundred guests assembled and at the first day's feast there were served two oxen, two calves, eighteen lambs, one hundred and thirty head of poultry, two hundred dishes of pigs' feet and ears in jelly and eighty enormous cakes. When the first dance, a czardas, was called, 200 couples stood up. Feasting in this way, with singing and dancing, continued daily and during the whole of this time music never ceased day or night, quite a number of bands taking successive turns. But the company could hardly face the music. When the eighth day closed, only a dozen young folks remained to take leave of their hosts.—London Globe.

VELVET CRAZE PREDICTED

Persistent rumors continue to reach our ears prophesying great things for velvet next season. The fact that Paris dressmakers and milliners are using a good deal of velvet as trimming for summer dresses and hats is a very decided point in their favor, says Le Costume Royal.

For obvious reasons fashions in materials take longer to evolve than fashions concerning styles, and such indication of the trend of opinion in the dressmaking world cannot be disregarded.

This being the case, we do not hesitate to urge upon our readers the importance to be attributed to the rapidly growing taste for striped goods now manifest in Paris and to repeat the probable result it will have in bringing velvet once more to the fore.

The fact is moreover interesting as regards other lines of goods—all wool, mixed and silks. It is evident that it will be the line striped goods that will carry the day next fall for tailor-made and other simple costumes. But for materials intended to make up smarter costumes and dresses there is no reason to think that broader stripes will be preferred, whether for self-colored goods or for those woven in different shades or colors.

Striped muslins and gauzes have been very popular this summer, and news from Paris tells us that these materials figured very conspicuously at the great race meet, and moreover, that in this case the stripes were wide.

SAYINGS.

Living in a glass house is a painful situation.

If some of us knew exactly what is coming to us by right, we would not be so anxious to get it all.

The girl who is wise and wishes to go somewhere is never compelled to hoist a distress signal or call a young man's attention to her telephone number.

It is never too late to mend a broken resolution.

Man proposes; the summer girl accepts.

BRIGHT CHILDREN

Are Likely to Be the Result of Parental Patience.

In a very helpful paper Jeannette N. Phillips brings out that star point—the value of giving children only such information as they will not have to unlearn. The following is an excerpt:

It is really marvelous how much information children will lay up if they get right answers to the oft-repeated, "Mamma, what's that for?' "What does this mean?" "Who made that?"

One little girl, that the writer remembers, was not so wonderfully bright, yet she was much praised for her understanding of things. Back of her intelligence was her mother's patience with the everlasting questions. For instance, one day it was: "Mamma, what kind of a train is that?"

"It's a freight train."

"What's a freight train for?"

"To carry things from one place to another."

"What things?"

"That train is carrying wheat to the city, where wheat does not grow, for the people's bread, and when it comes back it will bring to us coffee and tea and sugar and other things that do not grow here, perhaps shoes and hats that we cannot make."

Another day it was: "Mamma, where does pepper come from?"

"It comes from a hot country 'way across the ocean."

"Does it grow on a tree, or do they dig it out of the ground?"

"It grows on a plant. It looks like a berry when it is growing, and then it is dried and ground for us to use."

"Is it hot because it grows in a hot country?"

Well, there are times when even a mother may excuse herself for saying: "I don't know."

These answers quoted were not so very scientific, perhaps, but they answered the questions and gave information that would not have to be unlearned. Shall it be called a merit that they encouraged more questions?

RULES FOR SUCCESS

If men could succeed by rule, there would be 90 per cent of successes instead of 90 per cent of failures, as is now the case. For the maxims of the successful, the rules of those who have lived long and prospered are as accessible as the almanac or the daily paper. Here is Samuel Sloan of New York, still active in railroad affairs at 84, telling young men to find their stimulant in work and their medicine in sleep, and two or three other octogenarians or centenarians repeated the familiar formula for long lasting—"early to bed and early to rise," simple food, freedom from worry, etc. Not to be behindhand, Speaker Cannon, that vigorous young chap of 70, gives his recipe for success—which is, in short, to keep busy. "The best example of success I know of," he says, "is the country itself, which became so by keeping busy. Keep busy and you'll be successful."

Yet in the face of all this advice the fact remains that probably more than half of our 80,000,000 people follow all these rules without either winning any remarkable success or exceeding the average age at which men and women in this country die. The greater part of our 10,000,000 farmers and agricultural laborers "go to bed with the chickens and get up with the birds;" yet the vast majority of them are neither healthy, wealthy nor wise. Millions of others "keep busy" from eight to twelve hours a day, and consider themselves fortunate if they get enough for themselves and their families to eat, drink and wear, with enough saved to pay their funeral expenses. They eat simple food, because they cannot get any other, and sleep long either because they are tired out or have nothing better to do. Yet out of the mass how many Cannons, Sloans, Sages and Rockefellers emerge?

The truth is that success in any calling depends chiefly upon three things—brains, health and opportunity. The superior brain is forever refuting the notion that "all men are born equal"—except as to their natural rights. Health is necessary to the hard and persistent work which is essential to success in almost every line of human activity. And opportunity, though theoretically open to all, is not recognized, seized and improved by all alike. This is where the brains come in; the main chance is usually seen with the "mind's eye." People destitute of judgment, imagination, decision pertinacity and other strong mental qualities cannot be expected to achieve any marked success.

After all, it is largely a question of definition. Too commonly success is measured by the capacity to make and save money, or to win distinction in some high calling. But if this were all, the world, as we see it, would be pretty much a failure. In summing up his views Mr. Cannon dropped two nuggets of wisdom: "Old men are not discriminated against because they are old; it's because they act old;" and this: "An old man is apt to stick too closely to old routine because he doesn't want to do the work attendant upon a new order of things, and there is a universal change going on and an adopting of new methods everywhere, and the old man who can see it and take the initiative isn't going back to sit down unless he wants to."—Boston Herald.

SAN FRANCISCO FIRE LOSSES

According to sworn statements filed by fire insurance companies transacting business in New York, the actual losses suffered because of the San Francisco earthquake and fire amounted to $132,823,067, or an increase of $19,381,472, as compared with the estimated loss which these companies reported to the state insurance department soon after the disaster. Of the total loss, the New York state companies suffered to the extent of $23,138,090, an increase over the estimate of $4,194,090; joint stock companies of other states, $51,983,111, an increase of $7,155,612; while the foreign fire insurance companies with United States branches have an actual loss of $57,701,865, an increase of $8,031,769 as compared with the estimate.

The gross amount of risks involved in the San Francisco disturbance was $222,336,307, of which $85,246,771 was recovered through reinsurance. The estimated salvage was $33,814,468. The combined capital of all the companies involved in these losses on December 31, 1905, was $83,145,996, and the combined surplus to policyholders, $209,918,434.

THE HAIR AND ITS HUNTERS

Hair fairs are being held in different parts of the country. At these markets the young girls of the region part with their locks and receive in exchange dress materials and articles of cheap finery. But this barbarous bartering shows a tendency to decline; the peasant women are less disposed than formerly to part with the glory of their sex. Brittany is famous for its brown hair; the Auvergne and Limousin supply both the blonde and the brunette. One of the reasons why the daughters of Brittany and the Auvergne keep their ancient head-dress, while their sisters elsewhere have long since adopted the modern hat, is because it serves to cover the short head. The hair hunters make over their "bags" to the wholesale dealers of Paris, and thence the produce of the chase finds its way to the coiffeurs. A medium price for hair this year at the Limoges market was 40 shillings a pound. Though the supply is getting more limited, the fashion runs to more hair than ever. The small hat crusade shows some signs of succeeding in the theatres, but it will only be at the price of much hair, if little bonnet. The coiffures will be taller than ever.—Paris correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

A Good Thing.

Mrs. Hicks—"John, I'm sure there's a burglar down in the diningroom."

Mr. Hicks (sleepily)—"Good! If we keep quiet maybe he'll take away that chafing dish of yours."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

H-he S-s-s-s-said.

Said the old man of Abinger Hammer,
Who was blessed with a wife—and a stammer:
"The plague of my life
Is my w-w-ife.
Dd-d-d-d-d-dammer!"
—London Chronicle.

Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I wish some Farmstead reader would give me a recipe for putting down cucumbers in vinegar, in a keg.—B., Carlyle, Ill.

Would like to know what month and what day of the month to cut young hickories, so that they will not come again.—S., Weems, O.

I am wondering if there is a person among the Farmstead readers who can give me a sure cure for a tumor.—O., Cole, Ky.

I would like to know how to keep moles from destroying garden vegetables.—C., Kanawha Head, W. Va.

Will some reader with actual experience give a method of canning sweet corn in self-sealing glass jars?—S., Freeport, O.

(Our reader must not be a close observer of the Farmstead column. In the issue of July 5 she will find two recipes for canning corn in glass, written by women of practical experience.—Ed. Farmstead.)

Cause of "Ropey" Milk.

So-called "ropey" milk, which was the subject of an inquiry in this column recently, is caused by the presence of germs which breed in the filth of the stable, and find their way into the teats of the cow when she is lying down, and are forced out by pressure in the process of milking. They generally disappear when the cow is turned to pasture, unless they have found their way into the udder. In that case, I suppose the cow might be milked clean, and something that would kill the germs and not hurt the cow be injected into the udder.—R., Toledo, O.

Malarial Fever in Horses.

This disease is also called "swamp fever" by farmers, and "pernicious anaemia" by veterinarians. In Nebraska many of the farmers call the disease "typhoid fever," for it resembles this fever much. The manner in which the disease is contracted by horses is not definitely understood. In the last few years the veterinarians in the Philippines have discovered a disease, prevalent in India under the name of "surra," the description of which corresponds very much to that of malarial fever of horses in this country, with the exception that bacteriologists have not been able to find the surra parasite in the blood of affected animals in this country. As the parasite of surra is very easily detected in the blood of affected animals, and as we have not been able to discover it, the conclusion seems reasonable that the diseases are not identical. It is difficult to ascertain how the disease first made its appearance in Nebraska. We find it on the marshy pastures during very wet seasons. It is the general opinion of those who have studied the disease that it is caused by feeding on certain low, marshy pastures and on hay that comes from such pastures. Whatever its origin, the disease has spread on these pastures during the last few years. Horses die from this disease on the Missouri river bottom and in the Elkhorn valley and farther up in the western part of the state. In these districts the loss is very great, especially in wet seasons, such as we have had in the last few years. To the stockman the loss is very heavy, for when it once makes its appearance on a ranch, it is very apt to occur and carry off every horse. Many ranchmen in these districts lost all of their horses and were seriously crippled in finishing up their season's work, many farmers losing from two to eight head of horses. This is the most serious disease among horses that this state has been called upon to investigate.

The disease usually starts in with a fever of the recurrent type. Following this is the symptom of weakness. The horses become tired easily. They apparently have not life and perform their usual work with great difficulty. The mucous membranes of the mouth and eyes become very pale. After the animals have shown these symptoms for a few days, one will notice a staggering gait. They become weak over the loins, so that farmers suspect some kidney trouble. They drag their legs. During these first symptoms the horses do not apparently lose their appetite, eating ravenously, but growing thinner and weaker all the time. The temperature becomes more elevated, running as high as 103 to 106 degrees. The variation in temperature is one of the characteristic symptoms. It may remain high for several days and then drop down only to rise again. In this condition of changing temperature the horses become too weak to stand. They lose flesh very rapidly and are usually laid off from work. It may occur that the animal will improve for a week or ten days, only to have another attack more severe than the first one. Horses may have two or three attacks and finally follows, either from heart failure from exhaustion. The ranchmen have observed that when they feed their horses all they want while they are sick with this disease, death is certain, but that if they feed them sparingly they may recover, but usually have another attack. In the early stages of the disease the pulse is always very rapid, while in the latter stages it is very weak. Horses may linger with this disease for several months. The writer has observed some to live three months. As a rule, horses live from two to three weeks. It is only occasionally that animals recover. Besides the above symptoms, there is a swelling of the legs. This is a symptom that is not always observed, and then only in the latter stages of the disease. This swelling may also be noticed under the abdomen. The swelling indicates a very poor circulation, and is a very bad symptom. There are also found petechiae (little blood spots) on the mucous membranes. These are especially found on the surface membrane of the eye. As the disease advances, the color of these spots become darker, resembling that in mortification, and gives the observer a very good index of the progress of the case. Whenever these spots are found on the mucous membrane of the eye, the case almost always proves fatal. Another marked symptom is the increase of the urine. Large quantities of urine are secreted. This is also a serious symptom.

This disease is not very difficult to diagnose, at least not in the latter stages of the disease. In the early stages it may be mistaken for influenza or pneumonia, but when one has seen a case in the advanced stages, then it is not so difficult. However, it is well for one who is inexperienced to defer judgment until the animal has been examined two or three times on that many days. If one takes into consideration the good appetite with continual loss of flesh, the pale mucous membranes and the peculiar pulse, he can diagnose without much trouble.

The prognosis of this disease is very unfavoroble. Some ranchmen and veterinarians claim that the death rate runs from 50 to 75 per cent, while others claim even a higher percentage. The writer is of the opinion that a very small per cent of the animals recover. We have observed that where farmers have carefully nursed their animals they appeared to recover, only to have another attack which seemed to be more severe, death finally resulting. The writer has never seen a thoroughly cured animal since he has observed this disease.

The disease was first observed by this station in 1902 in this state. Since that time a great many horses have been lost. The field work consisted in visiting several ranches on which a number of horses had died, so as to study the conditions. It was our aim to make post mortem examinations and to treat animals that were affected. In the majority of cases that came under our observation the animals were in the advanced stages of the disease.

Last July the writer, together with the state veterinarian, Dr. Dr. Mc-Kinney, visited a number of ranches, and also held post mortem examinations on diseased animals. We found that the animals were all greatly emaciated and the mucous membranes very pale; and in all cases we found the characteristic blood spots on the mucous membrane of the eye. These blood spots were more pronounced in some cases than in others, due to the severity of the attack. Some blood counts were made from the diseased animals. The red corpuscles ran as low as 1,800,000 to 2,200,000, while the normal for a healthy animal is about 7,500,000 red corpuscles, which explains why the affected animals emaciate and become pale so very rapidly. The post mortem examination also showed a large number of worms known as the tetracanthus. This worm was found more abundant in horses that showed slight symptoms or were in the early stages of the disease, and was not found so abundant in the chronic cases. It was always found in the small intestines. In none of the specimens that were examined were we able to find this worm in the circulation. It is of importance to note that, as stated, in advanced, longstanding chronic cases, an abscess of the post mortem is held, few, if any, of these parasites are found. This may possibly be explained by the severe emaciation that the animal has undergone, the blood being in such poor condition that possibly it had no nutritive value, thus causing the parasites to leave their hosts. In the post mortem examinations where, according to the owner's statement, the horse had been affected twenty-one days, we could not find any of these worms. The organs in the abdominal cavity were practically normal except the kidneys, which were very much enlarged, and showed plainly chronic lesions of nephritis (inflammation of the kidneys).

Cultures were made from the contents of the spleen, blood, kidneys and urine. These cultures were inoculated into smaller animals, but without any results.

The treatment of this disease has not been very satisfactory, which is largely due to the fact that we have no definite knowledge as to the true cause of the disease. The treatment consisted in using gasoline (creolin and creosote) to cleanse out the stomach of the intestinal parasites. In addition to this, fever remedies were used, such as quinine, nux vomica, digitalis, and the like, combined with a general tonic, such as Fowler's solution, but with no universal success.

At this time the station is giving attention to the method by which these animals become infected. Possibly it may be in the same way that sheep and cattle become infected with the small parasite known as the stomach worm. Embryos of worms have been found on blades of grass and then taken up by stock when grazing. As soon as the definite cause of infection has been learned, then possibly a cure may be forthcoming.

Since we have no definite knowledge of how the animal becomes infected, and from the fact that all medicinal treatment so far employed has given no uniform success, attention should be given to the prevention, and especially to the mode of infection, as stated before. In circular No. 93, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, just published, is an interesting history of the twisted wireworm that inhabits sheep and other ruminants. This circular shows how the embryos of this worm are found on blades of grass, and how moisture increases the development of this worm embryo. It also gives information as to the effect of cold and dryness on this embryo; gives the mode of infection, tells how the eggs are scattered over the pastures and fences by cattle and sheep. Now if that is possible with an embryo of this worm that is found in the horse, and careful investigation should be made to ascertain if such infection is not possible. If it is, methods of prevention should be suggested, such as the disinfecting of the pastures, either by burning or by other methods, such as drainage, and the use of chemicals. This line of work, together with the bacteriological investigation will be pursued.

AN OLD TIMER

Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum Food Coffee since it came upon the market 8 years ago knows from experience the necessity of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a steady brain.

She says: "At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum, and got a sample and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.

"My husband had been drinking coff

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics — no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The Milking Machine.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell me what a milking machine is? How are they used and where can they be obtained?—C. M. J., Aline Okla.

In The Blade of August 2 (Farmstead column) was given what the manager of a New York dairy had to say about the milking machine, which the company had used with success.

Here is the story of a milking machine—and the mode of operation—invented by a farm hand in Minnesota. It consists of a strong electric battery contained in a nickel plated copper box, egg shaped in form, and about the size of a small loaf of bread. It is airtight and waterproof, and the internal mechanism is controlled by push buttons, working in airtight joints. They are charged, when made, by a secret process, and are as indestructible as a magnet. One will last for 50 years at least.

In use they are placed in the pail into which the milk is to be drawn, and the pail is placed in position beneath the cow, on a section of rubber belting large enough to perfectly insulate it from the ground. The cow must be connected with the earth, either by standing on the ground or by means of a chain halter or other similar means, if she is standing on a plank floor.

When everything is thus prepared the operator commences to milk the cow, using rubber gloves to do so. As soon as the streams of milk from the udder strike the electric buttons in the pail a current is established by the electricity running up the stream, and its attraction keeps the milk flowing smoothly and swiftly from the udder until the cow is completely milked, when, of course, the stream fails and the process is over.

One valuable feature of the invention is that the cows come at once to take a pleasure in being thus milked, and the wildest and ugliest of them stand as in a trance during the milking. This makes it possible for one operator to have a dozen milkers working at the same time.

There is doubt that any milking machine has reached a state of perfection justifying its being advertised and placed on the market. In the case of the New York dairyman, he advised that the machine of which he speaks can be profitably used if you have thirty cows or more. This is in the nature of a hint to the man with a few cows to let the milking machine alone, or rather to wait for further development. The prefect-working machine will in all probability come and when it does it will only be necessary to watch the advertisements to find out where it can be purchased.

Wood Alcohol.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell us something about making and the use of wood alcohol.—D. K., Inland, O.

Wood alcohol or methyl alcohol, is obtained from the dry distillation of wood. The process is about as follows: Hardwood is cut into cord wood size and allowed to season thoroughly, two-year-old wood being dry enough to yield excellent results. Beech, maple and birch are most commonly used, birch being the poorest of the three, because it yields a larger proportion of objectionable tarry matter. The seasoned wood is placed in retorts of cast iron or sheet steel, which are cylindrical in general shape, and large enough to hold more than a half cord each. A slow fire is then built under the retorts, its intensity being gradually increased as the distillation progresses, and regulated so that at the end of 12 to 8 hours nothing remains in the retort but charcoal. The distillate passed through a condenser, by which a portion is condensed into a watery fluid, while another and very considerable portion passes through in the form of a permanent, noncondensable part consisting largely of marsh gas, hydrogen, carbon-dioxid, and carbon-monoxid, together with smaller amounts of acetylene and numerous other substances. No attempt is made to use this portion of the product except as fuel. The portion that condenses consists largely of acetic acid and methyl alcohol, together with acetate of methyl and acetone, and a considerable quantity of tarry matter. The condensed distillate is passed to settling tanks, where it is allowed to remain until the greater portion of the tarry matter has subsided. The lighter part is then drawn off and saturated with slaked lime to fix the acetic acid. A second distillation of the methyl alcohol, which is recovered by means of a condenser and shipped to the refiners in iron tanks. In this condition it is known to the trade as "wood spirit." Wood alcohol is mostly used for the manufacture of acetic acid and the various acetates, among them those of iron and aluminum, that are used in drying and printing upon cloth.

Quaker Exemption.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please correct the error which appeared a few weeks ago, to the effect that Quakers were not exempt from war service? Enclosed is a copy of the law on the subject.—C. K., Edgerton, O.

Here is a copy of the law which is sent us by our friendly inquirer:

"Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled: That the militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective states, territories, and the District of Columbia and every able-bodied male of foreign birth who has declared his intention to become a citizen, who is more than eighteen and less than forty-five years of age, and shall be divided into two classes—the organized militia, to be known as the National Guard of the state, territory or District of Columbia, or by such other designations as may be given them by the laws of the respective states or territories, and the remainder to be known as the reserve militia.

"Sec. 2. That the vice president of the United States, the officers, judicial and executive, of the government of the United States, the members and officers of each house of congress, persons in the military or naval service of the United States, all custom house officers, with the clerks, postmasters and persons employed at any ferry on a postroad, artificers and workmen employed in the armories and arsenals of the United States, pilots, mariners actually employed in the sea service of any citizen or merchant within the United States, and all persons who are exempted by the laws of the respective states and territories shall be exempted from militia duty without regard to age: Provided, That nothing in this act shall be construed to repeal or compel any member of any well-recognized religious sect or organization at the present organized and existing, whose creed forbids its members to participate in war in any form, and whose religious convictions are against war or participation therein, in accordance with the creed of said religious organization, to serve in militia or any other armed or volunteer force under the jurisdiction and authority of the United States."

If the editor of Question Bureau ever knew of the existence of the above law the fact had slipped his memory. However, the original question, and the only one to which the editor of the Bureau made reply, asked if Quakers were exempt from military service during the civil war, while the above law was passed in 1903. We gladly print the above. Quite a number of our readers have contributed briefly to these columns on the subject, and have shown an inability to agree. The above-quoted law is now in force, and the question can safely be left to rest where it is without further controversy.

National Soldiers' Homes.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give the number of national soldiers' homes in the United States and where located.—C. M. P., Midkiff, W. Va.

We have been asked this question frequently and have always endeavored to answer it. We will reply again, and with the hope that those who care for the information will preserve it, we give further facts than are asked for in the above query. The national home proper is located in the District of Columbia. There are branches at Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind., and Danville, Ill. The aggregate number of members cared for is about 29,000. The requirements for admission to these homes are as follows:

An honorable discharge from the United States service.

Disability which prevents the applicant from earning his living by labor.

Applicants for admission will be required to stipulate and agree to abide by all the rules and regulations made by the board of managers, or by its order; to perform all duties required of them, and to obey all the lawful orders of the officers of the home. Attention is called to the fact that by the law establishing the home the members are made subject to the rules and articles of war, and will be governed thereby to the same manner as if they were in the army of the United States.

A soldier will first must forward with his application for admission his discharge paper, and when he is mustered in his pension certificate, and if he has been a member of a state home, his discharge from that home, before his application will be considered, which papers will be retained at the branch to which the applicant is admitted, to be kept there for him, and returned to him when he is discharged. This rule is adopted to prevent the loss of such papers and certificates, and to hinder fraudulent practices; and no application will be considered unless these papers are sent with it. If the original discharge does not exist, a copy of discharge, certified by the war or navy department, or by the adjutant general of the state, must accompany the application.

Soldiers or sailors whose pensions exceed $16 a month are not eligible to the home unless the reasons are peculiar and are explained to the manager and are satisfactory to him. Those who have been members of state homes must have been discharged from those homes at least six months before they can be admitted to a branch of the national home, except by a vote of the board of managers. Applicants are requested to conform strictly to the above requirements.

There are state homes for disabled volunteer soldiers provided by the states of California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

The United States Soldiers' home in the District of Columbia receives and maintains discharged soldiers of the regular army. All soldiers who have served twenty years as enlisted men in the army (including volunteer service, if any), and all soldiers of less than twenty years' service who have incurred such disability, by wounds, disease or injuries in the line of duty while in the regular army, as unfits them for further service, are entitled to the benefits of the home.

A pensioner who enters the home may assign his pension or any part of it to his child, wife, or parent, by filing written notice with the agent who pays him. If not so assigned, it is drawn by the treasurer of the home and held in trust for the pensioner, to whom it is paid in such sums as the commissioners deem proper while he is an inmate of the home, the balance being paid in full when he takes his discharge and leaves the home.

Inmates are subject to the rules and articles of war, the same as soldiers in the army. They are comfortably clothed, fed and clothed, and receive medical attendance and medicine, all without cost to them. There are 1,250 men now receiving the benefits of this home.

Applications for admission to the home may be addressed to the "Board of Commissioners, Soldiers' Home, War Department, Washington, D. C., and must give date of enlistment and date of discharge, with letter of company and number of regiment for each and every term of service, and rate of pension, if any, and must be accompanied by a medical certificate showing nature and degree of disability, if any exists.

The Word "Mormon."

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you kindly tell us how the word "Mormon" was ever applied to the religious sect known as the Latter Day Saints? An answer will greatly please.—U. B. V., Lompoc, Cal.

The name comes from the Book of Mormon. Joseph Smith, Jr., in 1823, alleging that he was led by the inspiration of an angel who had appeared to him, said that he had discovered golden plates on which the records of Mormon, a character in the Book of Mormon, were inscribed. These, though found in 1823, he was not allowed to take up till 1827. They were inscribed with characters which were said to be reformed Egyptian, but which he was unable to read. There was, however, in the box where they were found, so he declared, a marvelous instrument called Urin and Thummim, by which he was enabled to read the mysterious letters and translate them into English. In 1830 Smith published an English translation of the book under the title, "The Book of Mormon," together with certificates of 11 men who claimed to have seen the plates. In this book Mormon was a mighty hero and pious Christian.

Those Oklahoma Lands.

D. A. C., Odessa, Neb.:—The Bureau is very glad to do all it can to enlighten its readers in regard to the Oklahoma land opening, which is to take place not later than December 6—definite date not decided. It is the opinion of the Bureau that the purchaser must be an actual homesteader, and must himself fulfill all the requirements of the homestead law. An easy way, however, for our readers to satisfy themselves definitely upon this point would be to address a letter of inquiry to the general land commissioner, Washington, D. C. The lands are to be sold under sealed bids or at public auction, the minimum price being $5 per acre, one-fifth of the price bid therefor to be paid at the time the bid is made, and the balance in four equal annual installments—the land and payments to be forfeited in case of failure to pay any of the installments. None but homesteaders will be entitled to bid, and no patents to issue until the purchasers shall in all respects have complied with the terms and provisions of the homestead laws.

The bidder must be a citizen of the United States, or have declared his intention to become such; must be the head of a family or over the age of 21 years; must not be the proprietor of more than 160 acres of land in any state or territory, and since August 30, 1890, must not have entered under the land laws of the United States, or filed upon a quantity of land of agricultural character, and not mineral, which, with the tracts now applied for, would make more than 320 acres.

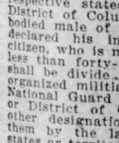
Especial concessions are made to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war and of the late war with Spain, inasmuch as any officer, soldier, seaman or marine who served for not less than ninety days in either war and was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government, who makes a homestead entry of 160 acres, is entitled to have the term of his service, not exceeding four years, deducted from the period of five years' residence on the land required under the homestead laws, and any such officer, soldier, sailor or marine may file his claim for a tract of land through an agent, and may have six months thereafter within which to make an actual entry and commence his settlement and improvements upon the land.

It is understood that none of these lands are arid, and that practically all of them are well adapted for agricultural purposes. It is also believed that only the poorest of them will go as low as $5 per acre, $20 per acre being considered as about the maximum, with possibly $8 to $10 as the average.

Charter Oak.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us all you can about the Charter Oak? What state was it in, and how did the name originate?—A. J., Dona, Va.

Albert C. Bates, librarian of the Connecticut Historical society, tells an interesting story of Charter Oak. This famous oak is a tree nearly seven feet in diameter, formerly in Hartford, Conn.; it blew down in a storm, August 21, 1856. A section of its trunk was preserved in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical society; the remainder—currently believed to rival in miraculous powers of reproduction the loaves and fishes or the Mayflower furniture—was kept or sold for small souvenirs. It is thus venerated from a tradition, first accredited to it in 1789, that in a hollow of it was concealed the charter of Connecticut, rescued from Andros in 1857; earlier ones specify an elm, others



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OUT ON OUR STREET

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

Out, away from the heated, dingy civic channels, is Our Street. There are trees to make it cool and shady. Some are grand old monarchs of the ancient forest. Some are thriving and lusty youngsters, planted by those who have built their homes in Our Street.

The houses are set rather close together, each one toeing the same mark as its neighbor, so that the verandas seem to stretch away as one, the full length of the block. There are little children busy with their games of make-believe, during their waking hours, and there are green lawns and blossoming plants and climbing vines. The yellow flowers are coming into bloom just now to match the old-gold color time of year—August, with its hazy, lazy days.

Out on Our Street, when the heat of the day is cooled by the setting of the sun, the deserted verandas spring into life. The families gather there and neighbor greets neighbor as though the day had just begun. The white of summer gowns gleam in the waning light, and the crackle of paper tells that the heads of the various households are reading the evening news. One can almost hear a solicitous wife say to her husband:

"You'll ruin your eyes, John, reading in this light," but the reading continues, in spite of this danger, until the early dusk deepens and twilight fades into night.

There are no summer evenings so beautiful as when the harvest moon illumines the heavens and invites the world to sentiment and romance. A silence falls even upon the children when it rides high above the trees, and this silence is their undoing, for it reminds their mothers that it is time for the wee folk to go to bed.

"Let me stay up just a little longer, mother, just a weenty-teenty longer, then I'll be good and go to bed. Honest I will, mother," one hears the children's voices pleading, and mother nearly always gives them the "weenty-teenty longer" on this night which was never made to stay indoors.

Presently the people in Our Street begin to go a-visiting and "run in" to see one another. There is a low hum of voices and laughter on the verandas, sounding an accompaniment to the rasping, interminable song of the shrill-voiced creatures of the grass.

"Hasn't it been terribly warm today? I've nearly melted," one hears in neighborly converse.

Automobiles go chugging and tooting through the street in a pathway of light spread by the rays from their lamps. Ocasionally one stops at the curb in front of one of the houses and the people come down the sidewalk to have a curbstone chat with their friends.

A little later, young men, who do not live in Our Street, but are familiar figures, begin to appear on their way to the houses where they are frequent callers. Several young ladies in Our Street are reported to be engaged, and the arrival of Himself occasions comment along the veranda line.

"There seems to be a regular epidemic of marriages on our block. I wonder who will be the next?" it is queried.

The time for the weddings is no longer a subject of speculation, for it is generally known there are to be at least three or four autumn brides in Our Street, and the flutter of excitement which will attend these events is being looked forward to as one of the pleasures of the future.

The arrival of Himself marks the hour when the older folk and those who are "settled," if they have been making neighborhood visits, return to their own verandas, there to rock in peaceful contemplation, held silent by the spell of a night, beautiful enough to have been stolen from Paradise.

It is then that the hum of voices dies away. The insect oratorio winds on and on. One hears the creak of a swaying hammock, and there are snatches of piano music, suddenly begun and as suddenly ended. It is too warm for exertion, though now and then a sleepy little breeze comes out of the west with refreshing coolness.

From one of the houses floats a clear, tenor voice, singing a sentimental song which accords with the mood born of the still, moon-drenched evening. One listens and smiles to think how it will touch the ones who are sweethearting.

"Dearie, my Dearie.
Nothing's worth, while but dreams of you,
And you can make ev'ry dream come true!
Dearie, my Dearie."

The voice rings high and clear, singing with a depth of feeling which puts into the song all that its words imply. Of course, one knows it is only a graphophone solo, but from the distance one gets nothing save the voice, and words which appeal to the sentiment that lies in every human heart, though it may have been buried too deep for expression.

"Dearie, My Dearie," sighs plaintively through the still air repeatedly, before it is hushed to silence.

As it grows later the verandas begin to be deserted. There are sounds of windows closing. Houses are being fastened securely for the night. Automobiles pass with less frequency through the street, though the moon in its full radiance mounts the high heavens, flooding the earth with its glory.

By ten o'clock, or a little after, the line of verandas is almost unpeopled. Nearly every one has gone inside. Most of the dwellers in Our Street are early to bed and early to rise.

Himself lingers, reluctant to say goodbye, forgetting there is a tomorrow and yet other tomorrows for all who live and love.

After awhile, when the lateness of the hour forbids further delay, quick heeltaps of departing footsteps rap on the pavement, growing fainter and fainter as they pass into the distance. One hears doors closed carefully so that none need be disturbed, but sounds carry far in the hush of the night. Himself has said farewell. Herself has gone to her dreams. Our Street is quiet. Somewhere, afar, a dog bays his woes to the moon. The cry of a child, fretful from its night awakening, interrupts the silence for a fleeting moment.

The evening is ended and the day is dead. We think the day is dead when we put out the lights and go to sleep. The world goes on the same. 'Tis only we who sleep, while over the earth the moon sheds its benediction.

UNNATURAL WEALTH AND UNNATURAL POVERTY

It is right that the German editors should see England from behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. They knew, of course, full well that the unnatural wealth which they saw in the hotels and in the main streets and parks had its complement in an unnatural poverty somewhere. It must be here, as in Germany, the case that the higher individual extravagance goes above the average, the lower will individual distress go.

We knew, too, that they would find housing conditions worse in our slums than in theirs. For our municipalities, unlike theirs, are not allowed to control in advance the building of a city, and to avoid the difficult task of setting things right by the simple expedient of seeing that they are not started wrongly.

They must also remember that the modern movement toward the cities is of less recent date in England than in Germany. Her modern working-class barracks were constructed in an age that was enlightened compared with that which saw our operative army housed in back-to-back dwellings grouped in blind alleys and dead streets.

We agree with Dr. Drill's condemnation of the system of crowding the poor all in one place and keeping the rich apart in another place. It will probably be long before the two extreme classes cease to be geographically remote.

We hope it will not be so long before they become financially one, so far as the rates are concerned. When our editors go to Germany they also will ask to be shown the streets of the very poor, and we hope they will come back determined to carry out here all that they find most worthy there.—London Daily News.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

Relief Map of San Francisco Puzzles Aunt Martha.

Aunt Martha and her husband were seated at the kitchen table, looking over some illustrated periodicals giving detailed accounts of the destruction and desolation in San Francisco, and of the measures for relief of the people. Presently, says the Youth's Companion, the "Oh, my's" and the "bless my soul's" ceased on Aunt Martha's side of the table, and she bent in silence for some time over one page.

"See here, Cyrus," she broke out, after a little, "I just want you should look at this! Have the magazine folks gone plumb crazy, or what does it mean?

"Right along here with the pictures and stories about helping those poor folks I found this funny looking map. I can't make head or tail of it. It looks like one o' the old bird's-eye views you used to see hanging on walls. See, it's all kind of speckled and mottled-like. See these little x's here and there? Well, first I thought mebby they could be placed where the Red Cross folks are distributing victuals.

"It's got something to do with distributing supplies, of course, because it's a relief map. But Cyrus, see here. It says 'Relief Map of San Francisco Before the Earthquake!' Now, what does that mean? What could they be doing about relief there before the earthquake?"

SUMMER VACATION SPENT IN A TREE

My husband and I one winter planned to spend the coming summer in the Catskills, but heavy financial losses in the early spring made it necessary to change our plans and seek some cheap place to board near the city, but we found upon inquiry that country board was expensive, rather than cheap.

We were undecided what to do, when an idea occurred to me one May morning, as we lingered over our coffee and rolls, and I said: "Tom, do you remember the house up in the tree we read about in 'The Swiss Family Robinson' in the days of our childhood?"

"Remember it? I should think I did! I shall never forget it, or that book, for both were wonderful to me. I used to tell my mother: 'When I get big I'm going to marry Bessie and live up in a tree.'"

"How many times did you read that book, Tom?"

"A hundred times, I should judge. You were always passing it through a broken place in the fence near the apple tree, and I, in return, would reciprocate by giving you some green apples, and in spite of them you lived and grow up and marry me, but we don't live in a tree."

"But, Tom, I'm going to ask Uncle John Gray for the loan of one of his trees, and I have in mind a beauty that would just suit our purpose."

Tom was delighted with my idea, as was Uncle John, and we, together with the aid of the village carpenter, built our tree house. A platform or flooring was built all around the trunk of the tree, on top of the lower branches. On some upper branches railing was fastened securely for a roof, and on the sides were arranged canvas curtains to let down when necessary. We had two rooms, a kitchen and a sleeping room, and during good weather the woods and countryside was our living room. A rope ladder provided a way of reaching our abode. At first I was afraid to venture on it, but in time I became an expert climber.

We had but little furniture, and it comprised an oil stove and oven, a few comfortable rockers, camp stools, folding card or serving tables, cot beds, bedding, towels, cheap dishes, cooking utensils and paper tablecloths and napkins. My wardrobe was limited to two old woolen skirts, a couple of white skirts, a lite dress, a good wool suit, some shirtwaists, sweater, raincoat, etc. My husband's wardrobe was after the order of a camper's.

RAILROADS READY TO HANDLE CROPS

By the time the western wheat crop is ready to move the Canadian Pacific will have a hundred additional engines and 8,600 cars, which will be exclusively used to haul the western crop. Further than that, the roadbed has been and is being so improved by reducing grades and curves and double tracking that where formerly trains of five hundred tons were about the limit, in places the engines can now haul fifteen hundred ton loads, which means a vast improvement in the capacity of the road.

Now Winnipeg work is being rushed on a cut-off, which will obviate the necessity of running the wheat trains through the city. This will considerably hasten the delivery of the wheat, because in the past the trains have been frequently delayed in the passing through the Winnipeg yards. Already cars are being got in readiness and it is expected that the present season will see the greatest rush in railway circles ever experienced west of the Great Lakes.

Continued fine weather throughout Western Canada has strengthened the position of the bears, and the harvesting of a crop averaging quite as high as that of last year over a considerably increased acreage is as well assured as anything can be. Another ten days will see the bulk of wheat out of danger. Around Glenboro' the crop is magnificent, standing straight and clean with a prospective average of thirty bushels. The binders started there Monday. West of there to Baldur and farther out the crop is lighter and probably will not exceed eighteen to twenty bushels. From Northwestern Manitoba splendid reports are coming, and farther west around Battleford the harvest will be general within a couple of days.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

With the close of school and the approach of hot weather a rush begins for the mountains, the lakes, and the country. From an educational standpoint the summer migration has a certain value for the children, although probably this value is exaggerated in anticipation. Older people sometimes find a need of mental relief which can come only with a total change of scene. But in general, for a comfortable summer, there is no place like home. The citizen has open to him everything that a stranger may find and the comforts of home added. He does not need to buy for himself and family elaborate outfits to wear in summer hotels. He may sit in his den or on the porch or in the yard in his oldest or most comfortable clothes. He need not pack a trunk or lug a satchel. His sleep at night is not disturbed by unfamiliar noises or by unusual stillness. He does not have to eat in a hot, crowded room, where flies buzz and bosses buz louder. He has no reason to worry about plans for the day. If he is at work that matter settles itself, and if he has his week or fortnight of vacation there are always things to do which have been postponed to this time. In the meantime the children are playing with their usual companions, and are finding opportunity to visit the parks and other places of interest in their own city which other people came far to see. The summer girl in the city has an immense advantage over the summer girl at a resort, if she only makes the best use of her time. The whole family can be more comfortable and happy at home in summer and the money saved may make the winter more comfortable, too.—Chicago Tribune.

THE VALUE OF SHADE TREES

The city of Newburyport proposes to determine the value of a shade tree and also the degree of responsibility of the gas company which allows its street mains to get in such condition that escaping gas kills the trees in the vicinity. Suit has been entered by the city against the gas company for the death of a number of shade trees from this cause, and the action will be one of general interest in the commonwealth.—Haverhill Gazette.

No Witnesses in This Case.

P. L. Hutchins, the cotton expert, was praising an apt and witty speech.

"It reminded me," he said, "of a scene in a magistrate's court that I saw in my boyhood.

"An old man was haled before a magistrate for stealing chickens and the latter said very sternly to him:

"'You are charged with robbing hen roosts, my friend. Have you any witnesses?'

"The veteran smiled calmly as he replied:

"'No, sir. In my country we don't rob hen roosts before witnesses.'"

Probably Not.

"I used to say I wouldn't marry the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Well, you didn't, did you?"—Houston Post.

The Sunday School.

A MEEK SINNER AND A BOASTFUL SAINT.

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 19 is, "The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican," Luke 18:1-14; the Golden Text is, "God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke 18:13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Before the race had a written literature its history and poetry and philosophy were handed down, by word of mouth, in story form. Still the story survives as the most effective method of instruction. The peerless Teacher, of whom it was said "Never man spake like this man," made constant use of stories as vehicles of great truths.

Two of these stories, or parables, are the present Sunday school lesson. One tells of the unjust judge, who would not adjudicate a poor widow's case fairly, until by her continual coming she wearied him into granting her rights. The other is the familiar story of the proud Pharisee who made a public prayer that only cloaked his own boastfulness, and of the humble publican who, abashed, could only cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Both stories teach fundamental principles of prevailing prayer.

"Sticking Everlastingly at It."

Press any figure of speech too far and it becomes useless. This parable of the judge and the widow does not apply in all particulars; for God is not an unjust judge. Jesus did not mean to compare His Father with the judge in the story but to contrast him. The parable has one point, and one only: the need of importunity in prayer. This was the lesson of the incident of the Syro-Phoenician woman. It was the teaching to the disciples that followed immediately after the giving of the Model Prayer, as illustrated by the story of the man in need of bread who came to his friend at midnight.

Perseverance prevails in prayer, as in everything else. The man who seeks the hand of a woman in marriage generally wins her eventually, if he wants her eagerly enough to keep on with his suit, despite all refusals and obstacles. All barriers at last fall before the resolute soul. Even God will not withhold desirable gifts from the heart that will not let go until it secures its boon. This does not mean that the Father in heaven is a grudging giver; far from it.

As Phillips Brooks said, "Prayer is not the conquering of God's reluctance, but the taking hold of His willingness." He wants to bestow His bounty; but He loves the recipient so greatly that He desires for him the spirit that is better than any material gift. The asking attitude on the part of the Christian is more to be coveted than the particular boon desired. Therefore they have not learned to pray aright who have not learned to "pray without ceasing." No prayer is unanswered so long as one keeps on praying. Sometimes, like the persecuted Jews in Russia men cry, "How long, O Lord! How long!" until their spirits stagger from faintness; but "shall not God avenge His elect, which cry to Him day and night?" His ways are not man's ways, and His thoughts not man's thoughts. In His own time He will fulfill His word, as He always has in the past.

A Deep Question.

San Francisco is rising from its ruins, not because the continent has rushed relief trains by the hundred, but because in the hearts of the people of the city dwells a dauntless faith. The swift work of rehabilitation that is now under way is a monument to faith. The almost delphic saying with which Jesus concluded his parable of the unjust judge is, "Howbeit, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

That is what God is ever looking for—faith; faith that holds out and holds on: faith that lives, despite falling walls and crashing disaster, and empowers the pentemy had that first requisite of a successful prayer, a sense of need. As the old hymn expressed it:

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

The divine paradox is that the sincerely self-abased are exalted by God. In the words of the Master, "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The swiftest prayer to reach the ear of God is the ever-ascending cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

"Two went to pray; or rather say
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not send his eye.
One nearer to the altar trod,
The other to the altar's God."

SPEAK DISTINCTLY.

Why in the world more women don't study the art of articulation and learn to speak so that the average mortal can hear without being screamed at is a question which is agitating one woman's club just now to a great extent.

It is a subject which most women would do well to consider, both as applied to their articles of speech and to the training of children, says the Philadelphia North American.

As frequent a fault as a shrill voice, or one that lacks the soft modulations which, like the "low voice," are 'excellent things in women," is the habit of saying all your words apparently in your throat: of mumbling, or of talking so rapidly—a sign of "nerves"—that it is difficult for any one to understand without asking for a repetition—a thing every one dislikes to do.

If mothers and teachers alike insisted upon careful enunciation of words and sentences by children, the habit of speaking distinctly would be as easily established as its reverse is hard to break.

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RESTRAINED RAGE.

In This Case It Was a Postponement Surely.

"In a match game, in an argument, in everything," said Walter J. Travis, the famous golfer, "it pays to keep cool. No matter how greatly you may be exasperated, you will make out better if you restrain your rage.

"There was once a man who saw a waiter in a fashionable restaurant spill a turneen of tomato soup all over a young woman's white gown.

"The young woman, instead of flying into a passion, smiled. She said it didn't matter. She continued to eat and to talk as though nothing had happened.

"This so impressed the man that he got an introduction to the young woman, proposed to her at the end of a month or so and was accepted.

"Some time after the marriage he spoke of the tomato soup incident.

"'I shall never forget it,' said the bride.

"'Your conduct,' said the man, 'caused me to determine to marry you if you would have me.'

"She smiled.

"'I remember,' said she, 'that I did behave very well at the time, but I wish you could have seen the mark of my teeth on the bedstead that night.'"—New York Tribune.

MAN'S VIEW OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

In very frank English, the American man—the "John" of everyday domestic life—has ceased to take our New York Woman's club seriously, if, indeed, he takes the trouble to think of it at all. He views the club fad as the good-humored toleration awarded to past crazes which have had their little day and given place to others more or less comical from the man's point of view. The women of his household ape his club in the same spirit that a boy dons once to copy his ulster, his hat and cap, his coat, vest and cravat, and to travesty the one garment decded to him by tradition and popular opinion, by donning knickerbockers and riding men's saddles in divided skirts. With the big beshwoodsman who was flogged by his small wife, our new woman's nominal protector and virtual provider might plead, "It amuses her and doesn't hurt me."

Our philosophical and indulgent American husband of higher breeding and range of thought accepts invitations to federation dinners because "all the other women will have their husbands with them, and it would make talk if I went alone." He gets his weary frame into the dress coat he loathes, sits at the president's table, looks interested and yawns valiantly not to look amused during the speech-making—"the same cut-and-dried old rubbish, always and everywhere about the emancipation and progress of Woman." If he is a talking machine and known to be apt at after-dinner speeches, he responds to the president's call like a man and a brother, as per program, and thumps away at the chaff with the best of them.

It pleases Polly, and he knows by now that it won't hurt him. To himself—not to Polly—he adds: "None of it amounts to anything. They've been pounding away at the same lot of stuff for fifty years, or thereabouts."—Woman's Home Companion.

THE TOWN WENT HARVESTING

At Garden Plain, Sedgwick county, after a suspension for three days, business was resumed on June 18. From Tuesday night not a store in the town was opened until Saturday evening. Every merchant went into the harvest fields Wednesday morning to help the farmers save their grain. Not half a dozen persons were left in town. The stores did such a thriving business that merchants say they are satisfied more money was spent than would have been had they kept open the three days. Farmers came from miles around to purchase goods.—Kansas City Journal.

Unable to State.

"Is your wife a blonde or a brunette?"

"Can't say. She been at the hairdresser's for the last hour."—Lippincott's Magazine.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

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CURRENT COMMENT.

Why all the fuss? To the pure minded a peek-aboo waist is pure.

This is the season of the year when the watermelon is as good as it looks.

"We want the offices" is one proposition on which the Democrats can always agree.

One of the things President Roosevelt has learned well is how to have his secretary say "no."

The worst of it is, the purchaser is never asked what kind of acid he prefers with his canned meat.

There is a lull in the Russian revolution, but it may be simply taking a little time to spit on its hands.

In future years trust attorneys will look back to 1906 as the year they were too busy to take a vacation.

Mr. Grover Cleveland obstinately refuses to become excited over a campaign that does not open for two years.

The crop reports from Canada go to show that some of Uncle Sam's prosperity has slopped over into that country.

If the Standard Oil octopus ever goes to jail the public will accept the situation as a plausible excuse to chortle with glee.

Some men seem to think all that is required to constitute an optimist is an admission that Christmas is coming.

New York women are feeding dainties to Harry Thaw, but he is much more interested in what the jury is going to hand him.

The czar's spiritualistic medium must have been the chap who predicted that Japan would some day whip the United States.

Harry Thaw is to be allowed to try to prove his sanity. The only time Harry didn't get what he wanted was when he cried for the moon.

It is doubtful if Senator Tom Platt would permit anything like an investigation of the express companies to be made by the government.

A St. Petersburg paper has discovered something which it labels the "American peril." Don't know whether it refers to sausage or potted ham.

Cashier Hering, of that defunct Chicago bank, is not succeeding in convincing many people that he was the innocent sucker of the institution.

The czar's policy is said to be one of strong-handed reform. In the case of the douma it looked more like the nonresilient toe of the royal boot.

Persons who are antagonizing the peek-a-boo waist should save their energy. The peek-a-boo waist will go when Jack Frost comes.

It is said that Mr. Bryan is getting tired of being introduced as "the next President." Doubtless sounds too much like a James K. Jones prediction.

It is a noticeable fact that at no time during his patriotic address to his Sunday school did Mr. Rockefeller refer to the United States as "my country."

Two hundred and forty thousand species of insects exist on the earth. If you don't believe it count 'em the next time you eat your picnic lunch in the woods.

In the two years that must elapse before the presidential campaign the Democrats may be trusted to inaugurate a lot of interesting quarrels among themselves.

Doesn't apparently worry Democratic state conventions who are endorsing Mr. Bryan to think that they will have to do it again before the time comes for nominating him.

The farmer boys never say anything, but it is probable that they do lots of thinking after a political orator gets through telling them to "stick to the farm, boys."

The czar is not to be thought a coward because he is afraid of his cook. People who have never been czar cannot well appreciate the horror of some day finding a bomb in the soup.

Some of the poets and artists are calling Anthony Comstock a skunk. Is it possible that they made the not unusual mistake of supposing he was a beautiful little black-and-white kitten?

Senator Bailey says he can't conceive how anything Republican could be right. He will doubtless make a specialty of looking at it in that way just as long as Texas continues sending him to the senate.

Evidence against the Standard Oil company is being estimated by pounds, with chances that as the investigations proceed it will be designated in tons, and may have to be baled for more convenient handling.

Col. Watterson's Louisville Courier-Journal, referring to the peekaboo waists, says: "Glimpses of pink poetry gleaming through diaphanous mists." The man who can look at 'em that way should have a rubberneck's license.

Captain Hobson says that the United States will in the near future be compelled to fight Japan. Admitting the doubtful probability that he is right, wouldn't it be much better to say that the United States will be compelled to whip Japan?

THE REMEDY FOR ANARCHY.

The secretary of the navy in his discussion of "Anarchism and Its Remedy" before the Cumberland, Md., Chautauqua, handled the problem in a broad and vigorous manner, and suggested remedies which lead to the inevitable conclusion that, in his opinion, there is no comromise with this pest of society. Where an anarchist is guilty of attempting to take human life, he should forfeit his own life, and for minor offenses the secretary suggests the employment of the lash. He takes care in recommending the latter punishment to eliminate public whippings, for it is a recognized fact that the average anarchist thrives on notoriety.

The secretary does not believe that "concert of the powers" is a sufficient remedy, but that it will help goes without saying. If every nation keeps a close surveillance on its own anarchists and equips itself with immigration laws so effective that a foreign anarchist will be unable to make a permanent residence withing its borders, a "concert" of that character should reduce the activities of the pest to a minimum.

Then in our opinion the final remedy must lie in perfect understanding between capital and labor, but perhaps we may not reach such a consummation short of the milennium. But if capital gives labor its full share of the rewards of toil, and if the laboring man accords to capital the recognition which its importance in the industrial world merits, society, instead of being a divided force which anarchy can attack with boldness, will be united and impregnable. Anarchists do not dwell among the wealthy. They profess to be a friend of the man who works with his brawn and skulking behind his shield they make their assaults on capital. But in truth, anarchism is as much a foe of labor as it is of capital, and whenever it strikes the latter, it is doing an injury to the class which it claims to support. When labor learns exactly the relation which anarchy bears to it, there won't be room enough on earth for the anarchists. And Capital can and should be the teacher.

TRAGEDY OF THE POACHERS.

There is no ground for fearing trouble with Japan over the killing of the five poachers off St. Paul island, Alaska. The seals are recognized by international law as the property of the United States, and we have the same right to protect them as we have to guard the national treasury.

The Japanese were there unlawfully, and when they refused to surrender they were fired upon. It is regrettable that human life was sacrificed in this work of policing government property, but Americans undertaking to steal Japanese property would receive the same treatment.

It is a question if the victims of the deplorable affair were operating for themselves. There is a suspicion that they were employed by American or Canadian sealers who make a business of poaching on the rookeries, the high price of seal fur making the adventure a profitable one.

It is hinted that Japan will confine herself to a claim of indemnity for the relatives of the dead poachers, but unless it can be shown that the men were wantonly fired upon, we fail to see how such a claim can hold. If every reasonable effort to capture the poachers alive was first made and they were killed as the only alternative to prevent their escape, then there surely can be no grounds for damages. In the other case, not only an indemnity and apology would be demanded, but this government could be justly compelled to punish the men who were guilty of the outrage.

That President Roosevelt takes the first view of it is evident from his action in dispatching another revenue cutter to the island. This tacit approval of Agent Lembky's course reveals the President's determination to put a stop to a practice that if permitted to go unchecked, will result in the total destruction of the seal rookeries off Alaska. That Japan will accept the administration's explanation and treat it accordingly, is regarded at Washington as certain, and hence the affair is creating no uneasiness in diplomatic circles.

TREACHERY IN THE RANKS.

The most startling incident in the present life of Russia occurred last week, when an attempt was made to assassinate Grand Duke Nicholas, president of the council of national defense. The duke is in command of all the military forces around St. Petersburg, and has been frequently discussed as the czar's choice for dictator. Should the affairs of the nation reach the extremity where the government could no longer hold the revolutionists in check, it is believed the czar would turn the government over to his cousin, the grand duke.

This man is thoroughly hated by the Revolutionists because he is a believer in repressive measures and has little in common with the people of the empire. It would have caused no surprise had a bomb been thrown at him, but that which startles is the fact that his own soldiers tried to kill him, and sharpshooters at that. The battallion from which the bullets came has been looked upon as loyal to the core, but the affair at Krasnoye-Selo has demonstrated how hedged about the government is with traitors. Extra precautions had been taken to avoid just such an outcome. The cartridges had been carefully examined to see that none but blanks should be distributed, for it was to be a day for practice and maneuvers, yet in spite of this dilligence, the would-be assassins failed in their plot only because of their haste. Their aim was bad and the bullets flew wild.

A wholesale court martial has no doubt already wreaked vengeance on the men who tried to kill the grand duke, and it is fair to assume that good measure was taken in the name of discipline. But no matter what the extent of punishment, it cannot relieve the czar of the conviction that his position is most menacing; that an army honeycombed with revolt is a frail support in a crucial moment. A hunted monarch feels weekkneed when he observes his last defense crumbling before his very eyes.

HOPEFUL SIGN FROM THE SOUTH

George Hall, a former convict, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment on the charge of conspiracy in connection with the recent lynching outrage at Salisbury, N. C. The presiding judge gave the defendant the maximum punishment fixed by the law in such cases. This conviction is said to be the first of its kind in that state, and manifests a growing sentiment in favor of law and order.

There have been many lynchings quite as outrageous as was the Salisbury affair. Grand juries have made investigations, but if indictments were returned and the defendants haled into court, they invariably escaped punishment commensurate with the crime, and in most cases were let off scot free. We have had similar experience in the north. The conspirators who led the lynchers at Springfield, Ohio, were given merely nominal punishment, while in other notable instances little or no effort has been made to apprehend the offenders.

But public sentiment is changing. This method of anticipating criminal prosecution cannot be charged to irresponsibility caused by frenzy over an alleged outrage. Leaders of mobs are rarely citizens of good standing, but usually men who have neither respect for the law nor regard for virtue. They merely seize the opportunity presented for making a wanton attack on society, depending on the state of the public mind for immunity from punishment. But just as the sight of blood arouses the passions of the wild beast, so a lynching incites in the participants a desire to commit other outrages against the law, and the margin between this condition and anarchy is very narrow indeed.

The action of the North Carolina court is a hopeful sign, and should exert a healthful influence throughout the country. Our record of lynchings is our most conspicuous frailty and unless stringent means are adopted to discourage this species of outlawry, we must confess our weakness in the matter of self-government. Now if Governor Folk can place an equally effective check on the growth of lawlessness in Missouri, the people will have reason to congratulate themselves on having gained the upper haud of lynching.

BRYAN AND SULLIVAN.

The only cloud on the Bryan horizon so far discernible is in Illinois, where the doughty Roger Sullivan dares to defy the mandates of the "puissant one." Sullivan not only refused to resign, but he made a fight in Cook county against the combined forces of Bryan, Hearst, Harrison and Dunne and whipped them to a standstill. Unless Mr. Bryan acknowledges his blunder and recedes from his arbitrary position, Sullivan is likely to cause trouble when the time arrives for selecting delegates to the national Democratic convention. He has proved himself intrepid when it comes to crossing swords with the political giant of the Platte and Mr. Bryan may discover that it is better to placate so courageous a foe rather than perpetuate a personal quarrel. It must be apparent to him by this time that Roger Sullivan has neither the taste nor inclination of resigning from the national committee. In thus declining to withdraw, Mr. Sullivan is proving himself every inch a Democrat.

GOV. FOLK THREATENED.

Indictment of leaders in the Springfield (Mo.) lynching outrage has led to threats on the part of the lyncher's friends. The arrest of men supposed to have participated in the lynching of three negroes at Salisbury, N. C., is followed by attempts to organize a rescuing party. One of the men under arrest is an ex-convict. The jail in which these men are incarcerated is guarded by state troops, and there is a determination on the part of the authorities to uphold the law.

It is not often that lynchers are called to account for their outrages, and it is creditable to the governors of Missouri and North Carolina that they purpose investigating these crimes in spite of threats. Governor Folk made the announcement immediately following the Springfield affair that he would invoke the entire machinery of the state government if necessary in order to convict and punish the men who were responsible for the lynching. Nor will he be deterred by threats. Deputies have been sworn in and extra precautions will be taken to prevent the rescue of the indicted and protect the officers of the court. Friends of the prisoners who have been outspoken in their denunciation of the governor will be under surveillance and if any covert attack is made, it will be promptly met.

Governor Folk realizes that his administration is on trial in this case. The lynching was without warrant of excuse. There was no reason to fear that justice was to be cheated or an alleged crime to go unpunished. It was a deliberate cold-blooded murder and Governor Folk is sustained by all order-loving citizens in his efforts to punish the murderers as they deserve.

PLEDGED AGAINST MORMONISM.

Idaho Democrats have astute leaders if we may judge from the declarations in the platform which they adopted yesterday. Its expression against Mormonism, if sustained by deeds, will meet the approval of the vast majority of American citizens. The greatest blunder charged against the Republican party is its temporizing policy toward this monstrous evil. As Senator Dubois aptly says, that heirarchy "is indefensible." The convention pledged the party to secure the enactment of legislation that will drive Mormonism out of the state.

While not making an issue of Moyer and Heywood, the Democrats instead of passing over in silence the cowardly murder of ex-Governor Steuenberg, denounces the assassination and demands the punishment of the assassins "whoever they maybe."

The unopposed indorsement of Senator Dubois for re-election and the indorsement of Bryan for the presidency in 1908 were foregone conclusions.

STANDARD OIL INDICTED.

After months of investigation by the interstate commerce commission and the federal courts, a Chicago grand jury has returned an indictment against the Standard Oil company for having, as is alleged, received rebates of storage charges upon oil from the Lake Shore railway, the amount claimed to have been so received being fixed at $8,501.72. As there are nineteen counts in the indictment, and as each one forms a separate charge, the total maximum fine which can be imposed under the Elkins law is $380,000.

The government considers this indictment as the entering wedge of a prosecution that will put a stop to a system of discrimination that has given the Standard Oil a monopolistic advantage over all competitors. The work is to be prosecuted diligently, and it is expected thta more indictments will quickly follow and that the Standard Oil will not be the only corporation caught in the net.

While it is generally thought that prosecutions under the Elkins law will not work the necessary reform of itself, the evidence there adduced will probably be used against individuals who cannot claim the "immunity bath," and in case indictments are secured, sentences of imprisonment can be imposed. While the payment of fines may not be a hardship on the Standard, if several of its prominent officials can be convicted, the affair will take on an entirely different complexion. The government has proceeded cautiously with its investigation, and now seems prepared to strike the final blow. The attitude of the Standard in these latest developments will be of interest. Whether it will admit the wrong complained of and pay its fines, or endeavor to drag its defense along in the hope of procrastinating until a spineless administration will drop the prosecution, is a question for the future to determine. If the company has been caught red-handed, as it appears to have been, the officials, taking warning of the growing antagonism to combinations of capital, may seek to check the tendency by adopting more equitable methods. That, indeed, would be the wiser plan, and would result in benefits not only to the Standard but to all the other trusts.

CHICAGO'S BANK SCANDAL.

It is fair to assume that first stories of a bank scandal are not exaggerated. Just now Chicago is in an upheaval over the sensations growing out of the suspension of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank. With a capital of only $250,000 and a surplus of as much more, the bank carried deposits of over $4,000,000. Somebody has stolen the funds, or a large part of them, and it has been discovered that even the safety deposit vaults were looted. No one undertakes to definitely fix the crime or series of crimes on any individual, but warrants have been issued for the arrest of the president, vice president and cashier. The fact that the president and cashier are both absent adds to the belief that they are the guilty parties, although it may develope that neither was cognizant of the bank's condition.

The disclosures in connection with the suspension of the bank, following on the heels of the Walsh failure, have attracted attention to the impotency and inefficiency of the banking department of Illinois. That state has a system of inspection for all state and private banks, but the system failed signally in both these cases to divulge unnatural conditions until too late. No sane person in Chicago believes that John Walsh could borrow millions of dollars from his bank without the knowledge and collusion of others, nor was it possible for anyone in the Milwaukee Avenue State bank to abstract millions, as now seems probable, from that institution if the bank examiners had properly performed their duty. Either they knew something of what was going on and failed to report it, or they are drawing salaries under false pretenses, and it is proposed to start a thorough investigation with a view to locating the trouble.

While it is asserted that no other Chicago bank is involved in the Milwaukee avenue suspension, that won't altogether curb suspicion. No one can accurately estimate the harm growing out of a bank failure. Every institution in the neighborhood at once becomes an object of distrust, stockholders grow uneasy, and lack of confidence ramifies to sections remote from the seat of the disaster. There is nothing in the business life of a community more sensitive than public confidence, and for this reason it is essential to surround our financial institutions with every safeguard against human cussedness. And when state or government officials, intrusted with this important trust are direlict in their duty, the consequences are deplorable.

REBUILDING 'FRISCO.

It is now three months since the people of this country, appalled at the disaster which overtook San Francisco, poured millions into the stricken city for the relief of the destitute.

It was left to the citizens of the Golden Gate town to disburse these millions. Perhaps there was waste. No doubt there were dollars which did not go where they would do the most good. However, there have not been any charges of graft or theft. Amid the desolation of chaos it is not to be wondered if the methods for distributing these millions were not perfect. It is doubtful if any other city could have done better. The work of relief has been going on steadily since the first money arrived, and now there remains in the hands of the committee $5,000,000 to be expended.

San Francisco has caught her breath. She is now able to survey the field and determine on the next step. For weeks there was but one thing to do, and that was to provide shelter, food and clothing for those in need. This has been done, and it has required millions.

With the five millions on hand the relief committee is proceeding carefully and discreetly. It is now giving away $10,000 a day to re-establish homes and business. Some of it is given in the way of secured loans, but most of it is tendered as a gift. Shelter houses are to be built in the parks for the homeless and a large pavilion is to be erected for the aged destitute.

Where a man or family can help themselves the money is loaned, but in the many instances in which everything was lost by the fire, the money is made an outright gift. The city is bravely working out its own salvation, and it is doing it in that noble, big-hearted manner which is characteristic of the American people.

"STICK TO THE FARM."

This was the theme of an address delivered by Governor Harris, the other day, at a picnic in Erie county. Such advice is frequently given by men who know little of farm life, but consider it proper when talking to farmers to idealize the profession. Governor Harris knew what he was talking about, for above all things he is a farmer, is proud of it and will tell you he is happier when on his Preble county farm than elsewhere.

Governor Harris is an educated man, but this makes him the better agriculturalist. He was admitted to the bar and practiced law for a time ,but of his own volition returned to the farm. He served as probate judge of his county, but at once went back to his favorite calling. He was a member of the Ohio senate and also of the Ohio house, but the farm did not lose its charm. By an act of Providence he is now governor of Ohio, but the farm is yet his first love. He has won distinction in public life, but he would rather be known as a successful farmer than as a high official.

When Governor Harris urged young men to stick to the farm he knew exactly what he was talking about, and present conditions justified him in giving this advice. While it is true that a young man may mistake his calling and become a poor farmer rather than a good busines or professional man, in the past few years thousands of boys have left the farm and flocked to the cities and towns who would be better off in every way had they remained in the country, for the city has all of the drudgery and lacks many of the essentials which make farm life pleasant.

The farmers of the country are making money. They have had good crops for several successive years and have sold their surplus at profitable prices. Improved machinery has greatly lightened farm work, while the telephone, rural delivery of mail, good roads and interurban lines have brought to the farmers many of the conveniences of the city. Governor Harris was not talking for effect when he advised the boys to stick to the farm, for facts and condition warrant the declaration, and coming from a successful farmer as well as executive of a great state his advice should carry weight.

THIS COUNTRY AND JAPAN.

The Novoe Vremya predicts a war between the United States and Japan and a victory for the Japanese, who will, according to the prediction, seize Hawaii and the Philippines and invade California. It is not unusual nor wholly unprofitable for the sick to distract their attention from their own ailments by discussing the ailments, imaginary or real, of others. We have had similar prophesies from the same source, and if they afford even a moment's relief from the disease that is eating the heart out of Russia, we need not complain.

The Novoe Vremya cannot of itself incite Japan to make war on the United States, and inasmuch as the most friendly and understandable relations exist between the two countries, we refuse to be thrown into a panic by the Russian newspaper's forebodings. Circumstances might veer around where friendliness would become hostility, but there is nothing on the horizon at present to excite fear. Japan is too busy educating herself, too much engrossed in expanding her commerce in the field wrested from Russia to worry herself concerning the United States. And as for this country, we are noa standing around with chips on our shoulders. Most of our time is taken up with our internal affairs, which during our brush with Spain, became somewhat disordered, and the spare moments we have are being devoted to the construction of the Panama canal and to friendly gossip over the back fence with our South American neighbors. We flatter ourselves that we have stopped a few quarrels and have gained some prestige thereby, and we are further from being in a belligerent mood than ever before. We are proud of Japan achievements, covet nothing that she has in her possession and wish her a peaceful and a happy life.

As to the Russian opinion that Japan would win a brilliant victory over us, we refuse to permit our placidity to be disturbed or our egotism touched by any such conjecture. Time enough to determine the issue when it arises, and we are not looking for an opportunity to measure strength with the little brown men today or tomorrow. Neither nation is hunting trouble, and especially of its friends. When pride takes a fall, it looks around for company, anl one can easily understand the motive that inspires the ill-natured remarks of the Novoe Vremya.

THE TAX WILL STAND.

Agents of the brewery and liquor interests of Ohio wasted time last week at Cedar Point at the legislative reunion trying to create a sentiment in favor of amending the Aikin law at the next session of the legislature by reducing the tax on saloons from $1,000 to $500. They argued that the increase is too great and that an unjust hardship has been handed out to the small saloonkeeper.

The Aikin law will not be so amended. When it is changed it will be to increase instead of decrease the tax. The Aikin law was the most popular measure passed by the legislature, excepting the two-cent fare bill. The people are well pleased with the result. It has more than doubled the revenue from the saloons and at the same time it has cut out 25 per cent of the drinking places, and within six months a couple thousand more joints will close. It is one of the best temperance laws enacted by any state and the combined power of the brewers and saloonkeepers cannot reduce the tax, for it meets the approval of the people.

A MONSTER PROPOSITION.

Queer things come out of the intellectual recesses of Chicago University. The tendency of the day to talk and think abnormally and call the emanations progressiveness is not confined to labor agitators nor political freaks. Even the instructors whom we select to instil knowledge in our boys and girls have caught the infection.

And Chicago University has furnished many notable examples. This institution, for which the Baptist church stands sponsor and to the maintenance of which John D. Rockefeller, of deep religious convictions, gives attentive care, includes among its professors some men who apparently have little respect either for convention or for the hum-drum rules of morality which are recognized by the Christian world.

The latest of these intellectual monstrosities to exploit his peculiar theories is Professor William T. Thomas, a sociologist, who has probably devoted considerable time to a theoretical study of the human race. If this professor has been correctly quoted we venture to say that his views will shock the conventionalists and the ultra-purists. We are not sure, indeed, they won't shock even men and women of indifferent morals, while they will be a source of surprise to the class of unfortunates whose cause he espouses. Professor Thomas asserts that the short career attributed to women who lead fast lives is absolutely groundless. He adds that society can not keep track of them, and the world is so large that they reappear in the ordinary walks of life, are given ,in marriage and make "the best of wives."

The American woman "of the better classes" is portrayed as being nothing more than a useless parasite. "She has superior rights," says the professor, "and no duties, and yet she is worrying herself to death because she has lost her connection with reality. Many women more intelligent and energetic than their husbands and brothers, have no more serious occupations than to play the house cat, with or without ornament. It is a wonder that more of them do not lose their minds; and that more of them do not break with the system entirely is due solely to the inhabitive effects of early habit and suggestion."

Enough has been quoted to afford the reader a view of the professor's ideas concerning the two classes of women of which he treats. We do not know from what source he draws his inspiration, but we do know that the source, whatever it is, is not reliable. He talks like a theorist who has had little or no experience with women. If he is a married man, we are sorry for his wife, and in any event he is casting reflections on his very origin.

When he says that the woman "who has had her fling," as he expresses it, makes the very best of wives, he may have in mind isolated cases. There are, no doubt, such cases. But we know, too, of a pardoned murderer who is today one of the best of citizens, but would the professor deduce from this that, in order to make good citizens, we must first of all become murderers? The woman who has forgotten the duties she owes to herself and to society is not to be praised, nor altogether blamed, but she is to be pitied, and if, in later life, she discovers her error and leads an honest life, the man who casts a stone in her pathway is a brute of the lowest form. But sympathy for her waywardness must not be confused with approval. It will be a sad day for the world when a premium is placed on unchastity.

What the professor will discover if he digs beneath the surface of the question is that the women of the better classes are not useless because they have no duties, but because they have not, in early life, been taught the sacredness and seriousness of those duties. The girl who is educated in the belief that society is the summum bonum of her existence, and her success in life to to be measured solely by the niche she occupies in society, rarely does make, and cannot be expected to make a good wife, and that is the folly of our system. Because man is the acknowledged bread winner of the family, it doesn't follow that woman is a mere parasite. When she cares for the household, bears children and does her part in rearing them as they should be reared; when, in addition, she daily adds to her stock of everyday knowledge, and thereby proves herself a helpmate, she is doing just as much for the good of humanity as is her husband and deserves an equal share of credit with him.

How long will the founders and supporters of Chicago University furnish sustenance to a man who gives vent to such outrageous opinions as those expressed by Thomas? Surely the Baptist church cannot ignore this debased attack on American womanhood, and if Mr. Rockefeller does not enter a protest, his professions become the sheerest hypocrisy.

STOLYPIN'S NEW PROGRAM.

Announcement is made from Russia that a strong affirmative policy is to be inaugurated by the government for the avowed purpose of winning to its side the peasants and agrarians. This policy embraces a plan for the immediate distribution of lands on such favorable terms that it will bring speedy relief to the poor land tillers and instil in them a feeling of proprietorship which, it is believed, will eventually counteract the oppressiveness of nationalization. Under the present system the peasants having nothing they can call their own, are devoid of individual responsibility and their patriotism is measured solely by the extent of their devotion to the czar. The national spirit is therefore at low ebb in the country.

Should Premier Stolypin be able to establish the new program before the revolutionists succeed in their efforts to arouse the peoule, the government may yet get the upper hand of the disorders. Prospects for such a consummation are heightened by the slowness with which the strike movement progresses. That the railroad employes and factory workers are not altogether hot for revolution is evident from their reluctance to make a general strike at this time. If Stolypin is given free rein and is furnished the funds with which to hasten the land distribution, he may bring about a situation which will drive the revolutionists to cover, for he would deprive them of their most workable material.

The news is interesting and important in proportion to the actual facts contained therein. It is worthy of some credence, unless promptly denied, for it suggests a sane and sensible solution to a problem that has vexed the very life of the czar. The extent of its liberality need not cause surprise to those who have accurate knowledge of the government's extremity. It is with the czar no longer what the bureaucracy wants, but what the people must have in order to bring about restored faith and tranquility.

LIBEL BY VALENTINE.

People who take advantage of Valentine day to anonymously convey their opinion in pictorial or printed form, of their enemies, will do well to watch the course of a Philadelphia libel suit growing out of a valentine. The plaintiff received a valentine which denominated her a scandalmonger and a mischievous person. She located the sender and brought suit for defamation of character. The defendant has invoked all the technicalities of the law to stop proceedings, but the court has decided so far in favor of the plaintiff, holding that when a libelous document leaves the sender's hands it is in effect in circulation.

The exchange of valentines in this country, once confined to a beautiful sentiment, has degenerated into a license that is abominable. There are a few people who preserve the original innocence of the day, and these people get real enjoyment out of it. But more employ it to exhibit the mean side of their natures and to cause grief and heartaches. To such a verdict of guilty in the Philadelphia case might prove a moral and salutary lesson.

Secretary Taft seems to be in no hurry about filling the supreme court vacancy. Perhaps he is waiting for it to get larger.

Charles W. Osborne New Wall Street Power

Charles W Osborne

New York, Aug. 8.—Changing destiny has brought before the eye of the public a quiet, unassuming man, who for years has attended to his duties in the small office which bears on its doors the name "Russell Sage." By the death of him whom he served for more than a quarter of a century, Charles W. Osborne becomes a power in Wall street. Upon him, as executor, will devolve the direction of the millions of the veteran's puts and calls, and from a comparatively unknown man he becomes one of the most important figures in the world of finance.

Mr. Osborne, concerning whom the financier spoke as his confidential and trusted assistant, enjoyed the confidence of Russell Sage from the very first year he entered his employ. He is now in his sixty-seventh year, a rather slender man of about the average height. His head is surmounted by an aureole of snow-white hair, and he wears a mustache, which has also taken on the frost of age. But his complexion is ruddy, and his eyes have a way of sparkling. None who knows him ever remembers to have seen him when he did not have a smile, and a pleasant word. He is the direct antithesis of Newman Noggs, for all the years of drudgery and plodding and almost endless toil at the treadmill of detail have left him even tempered and serene.

He had a vacation once. It was in the year 1902, and for a whole week his employer did not come to the office. Mr. Osborne thought the matter over carefully, and actually took three days. He worked year in and year out over the account books and the envelopes of securities, and never seemed to feel the need of rest.

It would hardly be correct to say that in the twenty-five years of service he was not absent, for it must be remembered that he had some time off after the madman Norcross threw the bomb in the Sage office. Mr. Osborne at the time was conducting a negotiation with a customer. He was carried from the building minus a considerable portion of his clothing, and for a time it was feared that his skull was fractured.

The quiet, well poised man who sat behind the cashier's desk in the office in the Bank of Commerce building had much to do with the engineering of affairs in such a way that the death of Russell Sage produced scarcely a ripple on the surface of Wall street. Had the situation been less adroitly handled there might have been a storm in which many financial craft would have foundered.

Mr. Osborne, like his late employer did, takes a keen delight in driving fast horses. He always owns a team at least, and frequently he may be seen on the driveways in the borough of Brooklyn. He has been a resident of the transpontine borough for many years. Mr. Osborne lives in unostentatious style. In summer time he makes his home in Englewood, N. J., where he has a cottage on Hillcrest avenue.

By the terms of the will of Russell Sage Mr. Osborne is one of the three executors and he will share with them fees of nearly $1,000,000. His salary with Mr. Sage is said not to have exceeded $5,000 a year, but by careful management he has accumulated a fortune of his own.

Irish Joan of Arc Secures Divorce From Her Husband

Paris, Aug. 8.—The civil tribunal of the Seine today confirmed its decree granting Mrs. Maud Gonne MacBride, known as the "Irish Joan of Arc," a judicial separation from her husband, Major MacBride, but the tribunal refused to grant her an absolute divorce on the ground of her Irish nationality.

Mrs. MacBride was awarded the custody of her child. The major's cross bill was overruled. Major MacBride served in the Irish brigade of the Boer army during the South African war.

Current Events.

Reports of the sultan's illness are confirmed.

Ringleaders in American naval mutiny will be sentenced to prison.

United States will test value of Chinese labor on the Panama canal.

Woman suffragists decide to hold International conference in Holland.

President Roosevelt will attend big coyote drive in Oklahoma on next Thanksgiving day.

Semiofficially reported pope will defy French law regarding the church associations.

Secretary Root is accorded a remarkable demonstration of welcome at the capital of Uruguay.

Innocent joke of chorus girls is said to have been real cause of Stanford White's murder by Harry Thaw.

Washington holds killing of Japanese poachers on St. Paul island justified and will not apologize to mikado.

New issues of railroad and industrial securities in July amount to $38,351,000, the smallest total of any month.

Rev. George Clarke Cox, noted Cincinnati rector, questions divinity of Christ in open letter to Bishop Vincent.

Five roads in addition to the Lake Shore face federal grand jury indictments in connection with the Standard Oil cases.

Twelve-year-old Milwaukee girl is held to the juvenile court for forging a check for $16 in order to get money for her grandparents.

Mrs. Gunton, first wife of a well-known magazine editor, is allowed a divorce notwithstanding South Dakota decree freeing husband.

Leader of Salisbury, N. C., mob, which lynched three negros, is convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary.

Interstate commerce commission in statement removes all stigma from Paul Morton in rebating case involving conviction of Santa Fe road.

Judge Gildersleeve, at New York, on petition of international policyholders' committee, will order Mutual Life Insurance company to file corrected lists of policyholders.

Speaker Lenroot in his campaign for the Republican nomination for governor of Wisconsin, advocates using part of the money from increased railroad taxes for good roads.

Nation's bill for mineral water last year amounted to $6,811,611, according to the figures of the geological survey, and Wisconsin leads all of the states in the value of its product.

Theft of food for a starving family is held no crime by Justice Phillips, of Marion, Ind., who discharges John Robinson, who took two bushels of wheat to keep his wife and babies alive.

Four prominent Denver men are sent to jail for contempt of court in the election fraud inquiry. Thirty-one votes which were cast against the franchises and were not reported are discovered.

Rev. Samuel V. Williams, pastor of the First Christian church of Laporte, Ind., confesses to the church trustees that for six years he led a dual life and that his conduct induced his wife to leave him.

William E. Curtis writes from Russia that Pobiedonostseff, procurator general of the holy synod, is the man behind the throne and exerts a tremendous influence with the czar against the douma and all reforms.

Government crop report for August estimates the yield of wheat in this country at 759,030,000 bushels, the greatest total ever known in this or any other country. Corn promises to set a new mark, and oats are above the average.

Figures given out by the department of commerce and labor at Washington show that receipts and shipments of live stock, food products and grain at Chicago and other western points materially exceed those of a year ago.

Secretary Shaw announces that the government is in the market for silver for coinage purposes for the first time since 1903, and it becomes known in Washington that a considerable amount of the metal already has been purchased.

WHEN IT BEGINS TO HUM

There are a few mosquitoes left yet to tell the tale, as any resident of the suburbs will declare, when in a facetious mood. But if he talks seriously on the subject he will say, and with truth, that not for many years have the pests been so plentiful as now. Varanda parties from the time the gloaming begins are impossible, unless the place is securely screened. And then they gather on the outside of the cage and glare and buzz so ferociously that those on the inside become nervous and incapable of thinking or talking of anything else. "The wet weather," we all say, is responsible for the big flocks of them, but that does not relieve the situation a bit. Why could we not have in operation here the measures for killing them off that were so effective in Cuba? This is the sort of charity that might well begin at home.—Boston Transcript.

Eight Sheets of Transfer Patterns

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The Blade has just arranged for a series of transfer patterns. These patterns are new and of the very latest styles.

These patterns can be quickly and easily transferred, and each pattern can be used several times.

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No. 1—Shirtwaist front.

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No. 3—Baby's cap, a corner piece for handkerchief case, and a wreath in which the initials may be transferred if desired.

No. 4—Center piece, also corner piece for baby's pillow, and the word "Baby," which can be transferred to center of pillow or on a baby's bib. Full instructions for transferring printed in each pattern.

No. 5—Doily pattern to match center piece in No. 4; also alphabet containing large initials for towels and lunch cloths.

No. 6—Picture frame and a baby's shoe, the latter giving side, sole and top.

No. 7—Sofa pillow cover, lady's belt and end piece for sideboard scarf.

No. 8—Wall pocket, also pattern for tumbler doily.

These patterns would cost you from15 to 25 cents each at any fancy work store. It costs five cents per letter to have initial letters stamped on articles. So you can easily estimate the value of the two sets of initial letters alone in No. 2.

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We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SPECIAL A

17 Jewels. 20-Year Case.

We offer our readers for the holiday season the best watch offer ever made. The case is a 20-year, 18 size, gold-filled, hunting, plain engine turned or engraved, fitted with a 17-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is, Hunting case.....$13.00
Our price is, Open Face.....$11.00

Get your orders in early, as we can only get a limited number of these watches.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SPECIAL B

This is a 16 size 20-year, plain, engine turned or engraved hunting case, fitted with a 15-jeweled Walton or Elgin movement. Our price.....$13.75

Or the same movement in a 16 size open-face, nickel silver case.....$9.50

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled, Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is only.....$11.75

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches. Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ILLINOIS SPECIAL

The Illinois Watch Co.'s movements are among the best in the market. This is proven by the fact that they are being adopted by the railroad companies for the use of their employes.

We offer our readers a few bargains in 11 and 17 jeweled movements—

No. 1.—Case, silverine, 16 size, open face, screw back and bezel movement, Illinois, 11 jeweled.....$7.50

No. 2.—Case, same as No. 1; 18 size; movement, Illinois; 17 jeweled.....$8.00

This watch cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $10 to $12.

No. 3.—Case, gold filled; open face, screw back and bezel, 18 size; guaranteed 20 years; engraved, plain or engine turned; case, Illinois; 17 jeweled.....$12.00

These are first-class watches and will give the very best of satisfaction. Our prices are lower than you can buy the same goods elsewhere.

Address all orders to
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Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS.

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in the illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

Child's Dress, With Tucked Yoke—Paris Pattern No. 1482—All Seams Allowed.

A pretty little slip dress of Persian lawn with deep, square yoke of fancy tucking is here portrayed. It is a

pretty little model for flouncing as well for washable goods of all varieties. The pattern is in four sizes—½ to 6 years. For a child of 3 years, the dress needs 4 yards of goods 20 inches wide, 3 yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide; with 5½ yards of insertion to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Shirtwaist, With Deep, Round Yoke, Long or Elbow Sleeves and High or Dutch Round or Square Neck—Paris Pattern No. 1489—All Seams Allowed.

While suitable for wear with any style of coat or jacket, this waist is specially desirable for wear with the

jumper, so fashionable just now. It may be made with elbow sleeves, if preferred.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the waist will require 3¾ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide. As illustrated, 1½ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide is needed for collar, yokes and cuffs and 3½ yards of edging to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Four-piece Plaited Skirt, With Yoke Extended to Form Front Gore—Paris Pattern No. 1479—All Seams Allowed.

A modish plaited skirt with a moderately deep yoke extended to form the

front gore is here portrayed made of taffeta. This style of yoke is more generally becoming than the all around yoke, giving much better lines to the figure.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—22 to 32 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist, the skirt will require 11½ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 6¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 5⅞ yards 42 inches wide, or 5 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Long Kimono—Paris Pattern No. 1505—All Seams Allowed.

A beautiful kimono with enough fullness in the skirt to be exceedingly graceful is here shown made of a large-figured Japanese silk, with plain silk for the bands.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the kimono needs 11 yards of goods 20

inches wide, or 8¾ yards 27 inches wide, or 6½ yards 36 inches wide, or 5⅝ yards 44 inches wide; each with 1⅞ yards of contrasting material 20 inches wide for the bands and 4 yards of ribbon.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Child's Box-plaited Coat, With Cape Collar—Paris Pattern No. 1488—All Seams Allowed.

A new long coat that will be as popular for little tots during the winter months as during the autumn season, is here illustrated made of pongee with inser-

tion for decoration on the smart cape-collar and roll-up cuffs.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—½ to 9 years. For a child 5 years, the coat will need 4⅞ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅛ yards 54 inches wide; with 2¼ yards of insertion to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Combination Corset-Cover and Open Drawers With Deep Yoke—The Corset-Cover With or Without Shield-Sleeves and Center-Back Seam, and the Drawers Straight With or Without Side Openings, or in Circular Shape, and in Regulation or Garter Length—Paris Pattern No. 1483—All Seams Allowed.

This pretty combination undergarment may be developed in several different ways and may be very elaborately trimmed.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the corset cover and straight drawers will

need 1⅞ yards of flouncing 17 inches wide, with 3¼ yards of nainsook 36 inches wide; 6¾ yards of edging 4 inches wide to trim drawers with side openings; 2¼ yards of narrow ribbon and 1¼ yards of ribbon for bows. The corset cover and circular drawers require 4¼ yards of goods 36 inches wide; with 9½ yards of insertion, 2¾ yards of edging, 3½ yards of beading and 3½ yards of ribbon to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

2,500 CHINAMEN WANTED

To Be Substituted for Jamaicans on the Canal.

Washington, Aug. 11.—Chinese labor will be given a thorough test on the Panama canal. Contracts calling for 2,500 Chinamen for canal work have been prepared and advertisements will be issued by the Isthmian canal commission in a few days asking for proposals from labor agents.

If the initial 2,500 Chinamen prove successful it is likely that many more will be taken to the isthmus to do the work which is too hard for the Jamaicans now employed there in large numbers.

DEATH FOR ANARCHISTS

Advocated by Secretary of the Navy C. J. Bonaparte

Cumberland, Md., Aug. 13.—In an address on "Anarchism and Its Remedy" before the Chautauqua Society here last night, Secretary of the Navy Charles J. Bonaparte advocated the policy of the iron hand in dealing with anarchists. He advised the death penalty, and in less extreme cases the lash for all offenders of this class. Mere imprisonment, the secretary considers is wholly ineffective.

"On anarchists the death penalty should be unequivocally imposed by law and inflexibly executed whenever the prisoner has sought, directly or indirectly to take life," he said. "For offenses of less gravity, I advise a comparatively brief, but very rigorous imprisonment, characterized by complete seclusion, deprivation of all comforts and denial of any form of distraction, which could be advantageously supplemented by a severe, but not a public whipping; the lash, of all punishments, most clearly shows the culprit that he suffers for what his fellow men hold odious and disgraceful, and not merely for reasons of public policy."

Rid Country of Anarchists.

Mr. Bonaparte believes that any abridgement of freedom of speech or press to anarchists can do no good, and may do harm, and that "the final and most truly vital condition of success in ridding our country of anarchism is that American public opinion should recognize the utter emptiness, the inherent folly of its theory and of all the kindred ready-made, furnished-while-you-wait schemes for the social regeneration of mankind."

Anarchism and socialism, while generally considered mutually antipodal, really both aim at a perfect equality of men, which can only be secured among slaves, according to the speaker.

Is Really Slavery.

"A southern plantation before the war constituted, as far as the negroes were concerned, very nearly a socialistic community," he said, "and they were probably as nearly equal inter se as human beings can be permanently kept. In this community a socialist merely substitutes for the omnipotent, omniscient master an omnipoent corporation made up of the slaves themselves, enslaves each one of them as an individual to all, in their corporate capacity, and names this corporation 'the state.'

"An anarchist differs from him by seeing that he has, in fact, introduced a new source of inequality, for the corporation he creates can exercise its authority only through agents, and these agents must be, ex necessitate, armed with powers which make them no longer the equals of their fellows; just as if the master of the plantation made one of his slaves his overseer.

"The anarchist, therefore, demands that there be no such agents, or, in other words, no government at all."

In referring to assassinations of American Presidents, Mr. Bonaparte described the slayer of Garfield as an intellectual and moral degenerate, but characterized McKinley's murderer as no different from thousands of others in America and the world. Any of these men, he remarked, if they followed the Polish assassin's reasoning, might kill President Roosevelt should opportunity offer.

"That is why," he remarked. "I consider even the existence of anarchism as a serious menace to the state."

FLOODS AT NORFOLK, VA.

Five Inches of Rain in 24 Hours.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 13.—With almost unprecedented rains for nearly two months, the record of the present summer was broken last night and today with a fall of between four and five inches in the last twenty-four hours, and the rain still continues. Floods occurred everywhere and city and suburban street car traffic is tied up.

Postoffice, railroad and other employes compelled to be at their work early this morning were forced to wade in some places almost waist deep and conditions are bad everywhere as a result of the great fall of water.

The rain of last night was accompanied by heavy winds, and as a result many poles and trees were blown down. The United States weather bureau seacoast telegraph lines are prostrated.

"JOHN, THE ORANGEMAN"

Harvard's Mascot Dies in Hospital at Boston.

Boston, Aug. 13.—John Lovett, known to every Harvard man and throughout the college world generally as "John, the Orangeman," died at the Massachusetts general hospital yesterday. About the first of the present month he was taken seriously ill, and three days ago an operation was performed.

Lovett was born in Ireland and came to this country when a lad. He became a peddler of fruit among the Harvard students. He began with a basket, but in later years peddled his wares from a donkey cart, the gift of the students. For years he was Harvard's favorite mascot at intercollegiate athletic events.

SPECULATED IN GRAIN

Secretary of Kansas City Board of Trade Kills Himself.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 13. — The body of W. H. Hyres, secretary of the National Board of Trade of Kansas City, was found in a field Saturday afternoon and today it was identified. His suicide was due to financial difficulties. Saturday Hyers called up a director of the board of trade and confessed that he was short $10,000 in his accounts. Hyres speculated in grain.

30,000 IN CANAL ZONE

Census Taken by the Health Department Just Completed.

Washington, Aug. 9.—According to a census just taken by the health department of the isthmian canal zone, the population of the zone is 22,137. As the inhabitants of the zone are constantly changing, it was impossible to enumerate all of them, and it is estimated that the number missed is probably about 5,000, bringing the total up to 27,137.

In addition to this, the officials point out there should be a liberal allowance, probably 10 per cent, made for persons who live just outside the zone but are employes of the commission, and to all purposes are residents of the strip controlled by the United States. This allowance would bring the total up to almost 30,000.

BEN TILLMAN IS INSANE

Not the Senator but Horse on Connecticut Town Farm.

Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 13.—A work horse on the town farm, Ben Tillman by name, has been pronounced incurably insane, having committed the equine indiscretions of trying to stand on its head in thrifty vegetable gardens, bellowing open defiance to all proper night regulations, keeping persons awake and tearing down its habitation.

Veterinary surgeons pronounce the case one of rare equine aberration. The animal when in harness is docility personified when the sun is not up, but refuses utterly to behave under the sun.

TEXAS CROPS DAMAGED

Rains and Floods Reported Over Entire State.

Houston, Texas, Aug. 13.—The flood in the Colorado river, which started from the torrential rains in the San Angelo county a week ago, is not reaching the lower valleys and the farmers are making earnest endeavors to save what they can of their crops.

Despite every effort the loss will be heavy, as there are many farms in the "bottoms" from Austin to the river's mouth. Additional rains around Austin make it certain that the flood period will last for at least two weeks and that the river will leave its banks at many points.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 13. — A terrific rainstorm Saturday night and Sunday morning damaged the federal military encampment at Camp Mabry. High wind blew down many tents. The wreckage was all cleared away Sunday and the soldiers are in good shape again.

Captain Walker Ellis, of the Fourth Texas infantry, was stunned by lightning while crossing the review grounds.

A negro who was driving his hack was also stunned. They were unconscious for an hour.

El Paso, Texas, Aug. 13.—Torrential rains of the last two days in the mountains east of El Paso and north of the Southern Pacific have washed out twenty miles of track and trains will not be able to get through that way for several days. Trains are detoured from San Antonio by way of Dallas and into Dallas over the Texas & Pacific railroad.

KEEPS IN PUBLIC EYE

Writer, Who Has Sued Loeb, Strong Friend of Jews.

New York, Aug. 13.—Nadage Doree, author of Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess, Geita: or, the Czar and the Songstress, and other books purporting to expose wickedness in the White Empire, who has brought suit against William Loeb, jr., secretary to President Roosevelt, as told in the dispatches to The Blade, for $50,000 damages, has woven into her complaint a narration of her energetic efforts to see the President himself at the White House and later to en-

NADAGE DOREE.

list the aid of Mrs. Roosevelt in a project to get the United States government to remonstrate with Russia against the slaughter of the Jews.

It was when she was trying to see Mrs. Roosevelt personally at the entrance to St. John's Episcopal church, in Washington, that her arrest was made, she alleges, on October 5 last. She avers that she was put into a police wagon, hurried to jail and locked up in a cell, without legal warrant, for a period of twenty-eight hours.

Miss Doree was born in Georgia, and lives at No. 39 West 117th street. She alleges that her incarceration caused her great "pain, agony and mortification," and she attributes it all to Mr. Loeb. She was honorably discharged in court, she says.

This is not the first time Miss Doree has been in the public eye. About six months ago she went to a Greek church uptown, and, while the congregation was at prayer, deposited on the altar copies of a number of leaflets she had written on the Jewish massacres in Russia.

At Atlantic City she addressed, a few months ago, a gathering of Jewish women, urging them fervidly to arouse their husbands, sons and brothers to make an appeal to the President to intervene personally in the cause of the Jewish subjects in the czar's domains.

TELLER SHORT $100,000

Officials of National Bank at Birmingham Find Shortage.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 13.—Officials of the First National bank today announced that Alex R. Chisolm, paying teller of that bank, is $100,000 short in his accounts. As Chisolm was bonded for $30,000, the loss to the bank will be reduced to $70,000.

The discovery of the shortage was made while Chisolm was off on his vacation. Today when he returned from Atlantic City and was taken before the directors of the bank he broke down and confessed his shortage, naming as his accomplice certain brokers in whose places he lost the money, it was alleged, through speculation.

Chisolm when arrested had $3,000 in cash which he delivered to the bank authorities. It is understood that alleged accomplices named by Chisolm will be arrested.

Chisolm is under 30 years of age. He is a son of Colonel Robert Chisolm, special attorney for the United States government. His family is one of the most prominent in the south.

ACCUSED OF LAND FRAUD

Man Who Got $25,000 for Western Scheme Arrested.

Cleveland, Aug. 11.—Charles H. Pratt, who is wanted in Pittsburg on a charge of embezzlement and grand larceny, was arrested here yesterday and locked us as a fugitive from justice.

Pratt is a man of thirty-two years and of good appearance. He was apprehended here on a description furnished by the Pittsburg police. He is accused of having received about $25,000 from Pittsburg men whom he interested in the formation of a concern called the Grape Valley Improvement company, which, he said, was to secure a big land grant in the west from the government.

W. W. Weiss and Harry Van Schlick, of Cleveland, appeared as prosecutors.

"LIFE AND DEATH" WOMAN

Undertook to Have Interview With Roosevelt

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 13.—Miss Asi L. Esac, who is summering in Oyster Bay for the purpose of interviewing the President or Mrs. Roosevelt on what she declares as "a matter of life and death," created a scene during the service in Christ's Episcopal church yesterday.

Miss Esac, or Miss Case, as her name is supposed to be, has attended every church service the President has since his arrival here in July. She has climbed Sagamore Hill on foot several times only to be turned away by the secret service men.

She presented herself early at the church yesterday and took a seat directly behind the pew usually occupied by the Roosevelt family. When Usher James Duffy requested her to relinquish this seat, she refused. Duffy forcibly removed her to the rear of the church, and Miss Esac says he tore her gown in so doing. For this act she later applied for a warrant for Duffy, but was refused. In the rear of the church Miss Esac refused to sit down.

A secret service agent stood beside her and during the service she made no less than a dozen attempts to get past him. As the President was leaving the church three secret service men surrounded Miss Esac, but she shouted: "Mr. President, Mr. President, President Roosevelt, won't you speak to me a moment?" The President turned his head as he passed, but did not pause.

Miss Esac's watch chain was broken in the scrimmage with the secret service men, and her watch fell to the floor.

The President was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Quentin and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth.

Miss Esac stated to acquaintances she has made while here that she was to have been married at the White House at the time Miss Alice became Mrs. Longworth; that she was to have married a high government official, and for this wrong she seeks redress.

When the President's carriage had departed Miss Esac was allowed to go. It was then she sought a warrant for Duffy. She says she will stay in Oyster Bay until she accomplishes her purpose.

Representative and Mrs. Longworth expect to leave for Washington and Cincinnati today.

"ASK ME NO QUESTIONS."

Chicago Professor Returns After 31 Years' Absence.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—After an unexplained absence of 31 years, Prof. Charles H. Frye, former superintendent of the Chicago normal school, of this city, returned yesterday to Chicago. One of his first acts upon his arrival at his home was to hand fifty one-hundred-dollar bills to his wife with the remark, "Ask me no questions."

Frye was 31 years old when he disappeared. Since that day no word had been received from him by his wife. He was recognized immediately in spite of his added years and altered appearance. He is said to have made money in the Philippine Islands, where he resided for several years. His wish that no questions be asked him regarding his wanderings has been respected and he has settled down at home as though nothing had happened.

PERILS OF APPLE PICKING

Treed by a Buck and Later Hit by Wild Geese.

Port Jervis, Aug. 13.—Charlie Butler is still harvesting apples down on the Bauer Game Preserve at Cohoonzie because of the lucky chance for Charlie that wild bucks weren't running and wild geese flying on the same day.

Charlie was picking apples when along came a buck and two does and drove him up an apple tree. Charlie stayed there for an hour before the buck would let him down.

Next morning Charlie was picking apples again, when up rose a flock of wild geese right under him. They bumped into the limb where Charlie was sitting and knocked Charlie out of the tree. Charlie was so happy that it didn't happen when the buck was waiting for him down below that he didn't mind the few bruises he got.

24-HOUR BANKS.

Pittsburg, Aug. 13.—David J. Richardson, cashier of the Cosmopolitan National bank, is one of the chief promoters of a national bank that will do business all of the 24 hours of the day, and will be situated in a prominent building downtown. Letters have been sent by L. S. Taylor to the bankers throughout the state announcing the organization of the institution and that the bank will have a capital of not less than $250,000 and a paid-in surplus of not less than $62,500.

It is said that the stock of the new bank is being sold at $125 a share, and offers of stock in lots not exceeding 100 shares are being made. The bank will have a savings department.

Chicago's "Day and Night" bank, that of the Jennings Real Estate, Loan & Trust company has been refused the privileges of the Chicago Clearing House association. In a letter from James B. Forgan, president of the association, to Frank P. Judson, cashier of the Bankers' National bank, it was asserted that as the Jennings bank does not comply with the 3 p. m. closing rule of the association, it cannot be admitted to the benefits of the association.

"If the directors of the bank decide to forego the allnight feature of our business," said J. Elliott Jennings, president of the rejected bank, "we can get the privileges of the clearing house. We have a plan, however, that will make it unnecessary to do this, we believe, and without sacrificing our business."

PHYSICIAN SAYS

Children Thrive on Grape-Nuts and Cream.

A Mass. physician has found a cure for constipation in children—citing fifteen cases—by feeding them Grape Nuts.

"Some time ago," he writes, "I became interested in your food, Grape-Nuts, as a cure for constipation in children. Having tried it in my own family, I have advised it in fifteen cases in which all suffered with constipation more or less severe. The result has been absolute relief in all.

"I write this that other children may be benefited."

How much better it is thus to bring about a healthy action in the bowels of growing children by natural means, than to feed them with improper food, requiring some kind of cathartic at intervals to overcome constipation.

Grape-Nuts gives energy to the entire nervous system, including the nerves that cause the natural contraction and relaxation of the bowel muscles, that propel the food mass along.

It is predigested also, and the blood easily absorbs the food as it goes through the body, storing up vitality and force for the functions of all the organs.

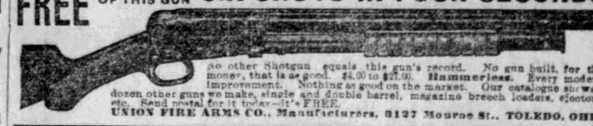
Children especially, should get the right start as to habits of living. They should grow into bright, strong, cheerful men and women. Grape-Nuts solves the question of the start; a wholesome appetite will do the rest.

Children's teeth are benefited by chewing Grape-Nuts, also. Your dentist will tell you that a certain amount of exercise in chewing firm food, is necessary to grow strong beautiful teeth.

Teeth need exercise just the same as muscles, if they are to grow strong and firm as nature intended. Grape-Nuts gives the exercise and also gives material from which good teeth are made.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

FREE BOOK TELLS OF THIS GUN **SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS**



No other Shotgun equals this gun's record. No gun built, for the money, that is as good. $4.00 to $27.00. Hammerless. Every modern improvement. Nothing as good on the market. Our catalogue shows a dozen other guns we make, single and double barrel, magazine breech loaders, ejectors, etc. Send postal for it today—it's FREE.

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IMMIGRANTS PROTECTED

Roosevelt Orders Ellis Station to Keep Open All Days.

Washington, Aug. 9.—By direction of President Roosevelt, the United States immigration station at Ellis Island, New York, will be open for the inspection of arriving immigrants next Sunday and thereafter on Sundays.

Last Sunday the station was closed by order of the department of commerce and labor, in order that the employes might have a rest. The result was that many hundreds of immigrants arriving on Saturday night and Sunday morning were obliged to remain on board their ships until Monday morning. On Monday between 5,000 and 6,000 people were landed.

It was represented to the President that the delay of 24 or 36 hours was an inconvenience and a hardship to arriving immigrants. After considering the situation, he gave directions that the station should be kept open for business hereafter on Sundays, as on every other day of the week.

U. S. OFFICIAL WOUNDED

Smugglers Attack Customs Officers at Santo Domingo.

Washington, Aug. 10.—A telegram was received at the bureau of insular affairs today from the controller and general receiver of customs at Santo Domingo announcing that John Milbourn, a Porto Rican, was killed, and Charles P. Thurston, an American, wounded by smugglers in the vicinity of Las Matas, at 6 p. m. on August 5, and Thurston died of his wounds August 8.

Las Matas is about 12 miles east of the Haytien frontier in Santo Domingo. Thurston had been employed as a deputy receiver of customs at Commentiador, on the Haytien frontier, and Milbourn was an inspector in the same territory.

Commentiador is the nearest custom house to the place where the conflict occurred and was established to prevent smuggling over the Haytien border.

WILL PROTECT CHINKS

Taft to Pass on Labor Contracts at Canal.

Washington, Aug. 13. — Care will be taken by the United States government to prevent contractors from doing injustice to the Chinese laborers employed for work on the Panama canal.

The specifications advertising for proposals to supply 2,500 Chinese to the canal commission will stipulate that the secretary of war shall have the privilege of passing on contracts which labor agents make with Chinese who are to be sent to the isthmus. This provision will make it possible for Secretary Taft to prevent discrimination against the coolies by unscrupulous contractors.

Under this arrangement, the United States will know exactly what the Chinese are paid by the labor agents, and the Chinese government will be able to afford its subjects protection on the isthmus because of the ease with which this government will be able to regulate the relations between the Chinese laborers and the contractors.

REPORT ON COLLISION

Several Courtsmartial Will Result.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Secretary Bonaparte has received the report of the court of inquiry upon the collision of the battleships Illinois and Alabama, off Brenton's Reef while sailing for Newport harbor.

It is a very voluminous document, and although no official announcement has been made, it is understood that several courts-martial will result and officers charged with negligence by the court of inquiry will be put upon trial.

13 PLOTTERS ARRESTED

Governor Magoon, of Panama, Wires State Department.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Governor Magoon, of Panama, advised the state department today of the arrest of thirteen men on the isthmus, charged with plotting to kill President Amador and overthrow the republic.

The dispatch states that eleven of the men are Columbians, one is a Mexican and the other a Nicaraguan. All of the men are in jail, and Governor Magoon says the incident caused but little excitement on the isthmus, and that there is no suspicion that any of the men were in the employ of other governments.

UNCLE SAM TO BUY SILVER FOR COINAGE PURPOSES.

Washington, Aug. 10.—For the first time in thirteen years the government has announced its purpose to purchase silver for coinage purposes. Tenders are invited at the office of director of the mint in this city on Wednesday, the 15th inst., up to 1 o'clock p. m., and every Wednesday thereafter until further notice.

These tenders are to be for delivery at the Philadelphia, New Orleans or Denver mints, settlement to be on the New York basis, of bullion guaranteed 999 fine.

SWIFT AFTER NEW ENGLAND BEEF TRADE

Boston, Aug. 13.—A report is current here that Swift & Co. has completed the purchase and control of the entire beef-packing and tanning industries of New England, at a cost of $10,000,000. The North Packing & Provision Co., of Somerville, including the John P. Squire & Co. concern, White, Peavey & Dexter Co., of Worcester and the Springfield Provision Co., of Brightwood, controlled by the North Packing & Provision Co., have been absorbed in the deal, the North Packing Co. being bought up about two years ago.

The deal also includes the Strong, Barnes & Hart Co., of New Haven, which, with its slaughter houses and provision factories, supplies Connecticut with beef and beef products; the Consolidated Rendering Co., of Boston, and the New England Dressed Meat & Wool Co., of Boston, with factories at Somerville, Buffalo and Houlton, Me., the great sheep and lamb dressing concern of the east.

The National Calfskin Co., of Boston, with its plant at Winchester, Mass., are also taken over. Some of the concerns have been owned by the Swift company for quite a length of time, but recent purchases have been made.

Young widow, worth $35,000, income of $3,000 yearly, would correspond with view to matrimony. Address Lock Box 46, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WEALTHY Ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

SONG-POEMS and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize. Popular Music Publishing Co. 621 Enterprise Bldg. Chicago.

QUEER VACATION IDEAS

Where Some of Uncle Sam's Employes Go To.

Washington, Aug. 11.—On his summer vacation every man wants to get as far away from that which he has been doing all the year as it is possible to do. That is true of every community, but it is doubtful if the theory is put more widely or thoroughly into practice than by the army of Uncle Sam's employes in the departments at Washington. By these the idea is carried to extremes and some of the stories told about how department folk utilized their annual leave seem almost improbable. If they are inventions—well, there is no reason why Marion Crawford, Marie Corelli and Booth Tarkington should not be backed into the Tiber, the Thames, and the Wabash respectively, except that pulling down a nice little roll of greenbacks each month for sitting around a pleasant, cool office and doing little else than quarreling with your fellow dwellers in the government clover is much easier than manufacturing heroic language for swashbucklers and nonsensical wise sayings for clinging femininity.

Now there is a demure little girl in the treasury department who spends her time day in and day out counting money. That is a very fetching occupation, you say—you who can take full and complete stock in about three seconds by a watch that is gaining time—but talk to her first—just talk to her. She will tell you that peeling off "spots" running from one to one hundred dollars is the worst fate that could befall a poor working girl.

"If you had to handle five hundred thousand dollars every day, you wouldn't think so much of money," she says with a tremulo voice. "I just get to hate it. I've got to wear kid caps on my fingers all day long, and even then I'm not sure that I won't catch some horrid disease from the old stuff. Look at those $20 bills there—'yellow boys,' the sports call them. Some people think they are very pretty. Ugh! They are nothing but so much dirty paper to me."

"Of course," she will admit softly, if you asked the question, "I do accept money for my services, but it's nice, new crisp bills, or a draft. And then I don't keep it long, you know."

Now, where do you suppose this girl went for her vacation?

Well, where would you go, if you wanted to lose yourself from the odious sight of money?

Why, to the poorhouse, to be sure; and that is where she went. She knew the superintendent or one of the physicians, or somebody else in authority out there, and bless you, she just packs her trunk and puts in two weeks among the paupers. She worked, too, and says she liked it. She has always had an ambition to be a trained nurse and they allowed her to tinker around the poorhouse hospital. Indeed, the nurses there welcomed her assistance, and within a few days she had the game down fairly well. So altogether she had a most enjoyable time, from her standpoint.

"I didn't see a cent from the time I entered there until I came away," she exclaimed, "for I left all my money at home. And what a glorious thing those two penniless weeks were!"

The watchman at the top of the Washington monument has just returned from his summer's outing. Practically, even since the big shaft was opened to the public in the eighties he has lived nearly six hundred feet above the earth, with the birds building their nests around him and occasionally getting a little shock from the lightning that hits the marble column.

"I'm the highest liver in Washington," is his standard joke, and it isn't as bad as some of our leading humorists might make it.

While voluble on every other point, this watchman turns into a veritable sphinx when the subject of his vacation is mentioned. But one of his fellow employes at the monument says that he has solved the mystery.

"Charley put in most of his time in a Pennsylvania mine," he declared. "You see, he has been up here so long that he began to have a craving to know how the folks got along who live as far below the ground as he does above it. He will deny this now, because he has been kidded so much about it, but he let me in on it in a moment of misplaced confidence. So what does he do when his turn came around to leave his post for a fortnight but hie himself to the mining district. He hired himself out in some capacity and actually worked in the mines for a week. He came back a little less sore on his regular job than he had been. He found that overseeing the Potomac was a better way of passing the time than in being overseen for twelve or sixteen hours a day by a mine boss who can swear in all the languages in vogue when the tower of Babel was doing business, with a few modern ones thrown in."

But there is one notable exception to this rule of seeking after contrast. He is an old fellow in the treasury who for fifteen years has never taken a day off. The chief of his division felt that he really needed a rest and insisted that he should abstain from work for the usual two weeks. The loyal desk man demurred, but the chief was firm, and with a sigh old "ever faithful" shuffled out of the office. The next day he was seen in Arlington cemetery—admiring the beautiful view, some one who knew him him and saw him, thought. Day after day he was noticed there sitting among the tombs, his chin resting on his hands, and his face wearing a look of supreme content. One of his acquaintances at last summoned up courage enough to ask him the reason for having chosen this strange vacation place.

"Well," said the old man, "you see, the chief insisted on my going away, and of course I had to obey. But what's the use of a fellow trying to get along away from the surroundings that he has been used to all his life? I lay awake all the first night thinking where I could go that would seem just like a government department to me, and finally I remembered the cemetery. I couldn't have made a better selection. It's just like home, and I am having the time of my life."

SULTAN IS STILL SURLY

No Advices Yet Received From Ambassador.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Since the arrival of John G. A. Leishman, the new American ambassador to Turkey, in Constantinople, several weeks ago, the state department has had no advices whatever from him, and it is assumed here that the sultan of Turkey is still unwilling to receive Mr. Leishman in his ambassadorial capacity.

The elevation of the American mission to Constantinople from a legation to an embassy was distasteful to the sultan, who has taken no action to raise the Turkish legation in Washington to an embassy.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

Faith is the highest worship, the purest prayer and the most perfect sign of love. To keep faith with one's self is to keep in touch with divinity itself.

THURSDAY.

Live one moment at a time, and let it be a heavenly moment. That will be the best and quickest way to find the old dear peace.

FRIDAY.

Only through discipline and self-control may any soul hope to fulfill its high purpose in coming to this earth and gaining the power for lifting itself to its destined place of command.

SATURDAY.

Will you put your burdens away just for one little hour, that you may take a cheerful view of the situation? Perhaps then you will know the wisest step to take to make it better.

SUNDAY.

The divine soul of man is like a bird born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings nor obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.

MONDAY.

Put on the qualities of immortality today. This is as much a part of eternity as any experience you will ever have, and it is yours.

TUESDAY.

Be glad if you are of use even to little-minded men or women. To serve well is a gain to you and not an occasion for discouragement. Therefore, endure and be cheerful.

Where Women Often Fail and Men Succeed

EMILY S. BOUTON

Are women less accurate than men?

I have been thinking this question over very carefully since it was put to me by a correspondent. The first impulse was to reply "most undoubtedly they are," and I do not know that further deliberation changes the answer. An inch or two more or less, a little wandering from the required straight line, a guess at the quantity of flour, of sugar, or of milk—these are all legitimate and by the majority of women thought little about. It is hard sometimes to convince a woman that a penny upon the debit side of accounts which should be upon the credit side is of any importance.

Very funny does this tendency to inaccuracy frequently appear. Good Housekeeping tells the following amusing story wihch is, perhaps, a rather extreme illustration:

"How very nice this cake is," said a boarder to the old lady who was her hostess. "Would you mind giving me the recipe for it?"

"Why, no, I'd just as soon as not tell you how it was made. I just take something like a quart or so of flour—well, say two to three scoopin's-up with my two hands. Then I sift it with as much cream o' tartar as I think I'll need and a pinch o' salt. If eggs is plenty I use several and if they're skurce I don't use so many and I stir in a little dab o' milk and mix a scoopin' of sugar with butter enough to make a kind of a soft mess and then I stir in a little mite of any kind of flavorin' I happen to have and then I stir it until it is good and battery to keep it from being sad when it's baked, and that's all there is of it. It ain't no trick at all to make it.

I fancy many of us have had similar experiences of endeavoring to get exact figures from those who could always "guess" and have things come out just right. And it is true that there are excellent cooks who depend upon the eye and taste alone to bring success.

Does this prove it to be the right way?

By no means. It is only those of exceptional skill in this direction who can safely proceed without the process of measuring. The habit of doing this is what gives so much poor cooking in many American households. And inaccuracy is just as unsafe in any other kind of work that comes naturally to women's hands. Yet it is surprising how much good work is accomplished even in this hap-hazard fashion.

How did it happen that women are less accurate than men in their labor?

It comes from several causes. First, from the general character of their work. Until these later years their employment was almost wholly in the homes, where it is, as every housekeeper knows, impossible to labor by the "line and the plummet." The duties of one day may bear a general resemblance to the duties of another, and yet there is always a difference hard to gauge, but nevertheless to be reckoned with.

The impossibility of using exact rules in the management of the work of the household is one reason for women's want of accuracy. Another is the lack of training in this direction. Back of the boy are centuries of teaching in various trades and occupations, and it seems a part of his inheritance. Back of the girl are only the simple rules handed down from mother to daughter, without exactness of detail and which are followed with a closeness varying with the temperament of the individual. The difference between them in respect to accuracy in their work is, therefore, not to be wondered at.

lines and forms are given their exact and right proportion and relation, each to all the others. This power of adjustment grows out of a realization that even genius has need of being, in a certain degree, accurate.

From present appearances, women are to be more and more active in the business and industrial world. This may appear today a matter of regret, and yet if it be true, the best preparation possible will soonest bring harmonious and permanent conditions. Equality of opportunity can only come from equality of fitness, and this must be obtained by training and effort. A wise woman, therefore, is she who, recognizing this fact, teaches herself to be "true to the truth," for that is what it really is, in small things as well as great, so that enlarged responsibility may find in her what will bring successful fulfilment.

The whole secret lies, after all, in what may be called accurate thinking—thinking clearly and definitely to a given purpose. Men do this in their occupations from habit. The majority of women as yet know little of the power of concentration, and wandering thought brings unsteady action. They are rapidly unlearning the habit of inaccuracy thus produced, however, and the time is rapidly drawing near when this special reproach of women will belong to the vanished centuries.

The new education, as it is often called, with its demand for careful scholarship, and the entrance of women into the business world, where, if she does not now, she must by and by, in justice to herself, compete with men upon equal terms, has wrought a change in this direction. They are learning that it is not wise to "guess" where good workmanship is required. The result is a growing attention to accuracy if the highest accomplishment is to be reached.

Yet I am not at all sure that the mass of women will ever equal men in this respect, and for the reason that they are apt to jump at conclusions. The hard, solid road of reasoning from point to point is not attractive. They rather take a bird's flight over it all, trusting to what is loosely named intuition—and which, it must be confessed, is frequently unerring—to gain the desired goal. It is one of her gifts—this facility in reaching conclusions—and who shall say it is not one that is most desirable?

"How did you happen to know this to be the better way?" was asked of a woman who had insisted upon a certain course in a business transaction, in opposition to the combined wisdom of the men of her household, but which, in the outcome, proved her foresight.

"It just came to me," was her answer; "I have no idea what led me to such a conclusion, but I was absolutely certain that it would turn out exactly as it has."

This was all she could say. It is what happens so frequently, however, that to speak of a woman's unreasoning judgment has come to be a truism. And yet she is quite as likely to be correct as when a decision is reached by the slower process.

The fact of a possession of this gift is no argument against the need of a careful training for accuracy. Madame Curie could never have had so large a part in the discovery of radium had she not been minutely careful in experiment. No invention is possible, no great work of art can be made unless

The Cozy Corner

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE.

According to the newspaper stories, it is the "honest farmer" who is always abused by the "arrogant motorist," while the latter goes on his way exulting over the mishaps he occasions and driving all before him regardless of the rights of others.

Like everything else, this subject has two sides, and I would like to say a word for the motorists. Not for the harum-scarums who tear through the country at a break-neck pace, but for the peaceable tourists who enjoy the ride past fields of grain, prosperous farm houses with their well-kept lawns and outbuildings, and friendly natives who call a cheerful greeting as they pass.

We have made the same trip in our little machine for four successive years and have been fortunate enough never to have caused any serious trouble for any one. We are always on the lookout for scary horses (or timid drivers, which is sometimes worse!), slowing down, or even stopping our engine and often getting out to lead them past the machine. As a general thing our disposition to do the right thing has been appreciated, and we count many of the farmers along our route as friends, but occasionally we meet those who make the same ill-feeling toward the farmer that careless motorists make for all who drive machines.

One of these, of the "Smart Alec" variety, made us nearly burn our machine out one day, keeping us behind his "one-hoss shay" for a mile or more along a road too narrow for us to turn out in, as it was grown up on both sides with tall weeds. He could have turned a very little if he would and we could have squeezed past him, but he would not. Night was coming on, and rain threatening, and there we were. I suppose he enjoyed the situation immensely, and congratulated himself on "making them automobile fellers sweat," but we were sorrier for him than for ourselves, for some day he will "run up against" the wrong motorist, and his "rig" will pay the penalty of its master's folly.

Another case that is hard to contend with is the "timid driver" mentioned before. Nine times out of ten, if she (it is usually a "she," though not always) would keep herself and the horse well in hand, the latter would pass us with very little emotion, but feeling the fright in the buggy, through the medium of the reins, he begins to think something must be wrong and cavorts accordingly.

We were jogging along the pike one day when, in the distance, we saw a single buggy, drawn by a sensible looking horse who was driven by a woman less sensible. A woman driver always calls for a shut-off engine, so we drew far out to the side of the road and sat quietly waiting for them to pass. Before she reached us, without any reason that we could see, she suddenly pulled the horse sharply to the right, down into the side road, some four or five feet lower than the pike. The jerk alarmed the horse, who capered mildly, while the quick turn made the buggy reel as if it would go over. It did not, however, and as they passed us, our driver, seeing the horse was not frightened in the least, called cheerily, "All right. But I was afraid you would have an upset then."

"It would have been your fault if we had," said the woman, glaring at us fiercely, and I suppose when she got home she told how an automobile frightened "Billy," and he all but upset the buggy!

Now, there was no justice in that, was there? The horse paid no manner of attention to us as he passed, and she had two-thirds of the pike to pass us on. If she had not lost her head and pulled him into the side road, he would probably have jogged along without waking from his Sunday nap.

"Live and let live" should be the motto of the country road. The motor has come to stay, and the sooner motorists and farmers decide to each go half-way, in the etiquette of the highway, the better for all concerned. Meantime peaceable citizens, as we remarked before, who enjoy a quiet ride through the country, and have nothing but a machine to drive, ought not to be abused because of the sins of the "scorchers."—Adam Good, Chauffeur.

SYMPATHY FOR "WILL AND ADDIE."

"Will and Addie" have my sincere sympathy in their troubles, and I hasten to give them the result of twenty years' experience.

I was a schoolteacher and left all to go west and make a fortune in Sunny Kansas. Gardening was to be our occupation and we invested all we had in the purchase and stocking of a small farm. Just as we thought we were to realize something from our garden, along came a sandstorm and totally destroyed eighteen acres of garden. My husband's health began to fail, and we were discouraged and returned to the east with nothing in the wide world but a hundred-dollar debt. It took us ten years to get back where we were financially, in the first place, so you will readily understand we had uphill work.

For you, I would advise that you invest in cows and sell the milk; this is the most profitable business we have ever tried. We have cleared $1,000 from sixty-five acres of ground and so feel that we are now past the danger line in experimental work.—"Jenny."

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.

Dear "Will and Addie," I was once in exactly your situation and this is what I did: I bought a small place and stocked it with 100 good chickens, 25 ducks, a sow and pigs, a cow and calf and a good work horse with a spring wagon. I also planted 30 cherry trees—half sweet and half sour cherries — a few early and late apple trees, peaches and pears, and soon had a fine young orchard. My garden was run so as to give me what we needed in the family and for feeding the stock and poultry. When things began to grow and prosper, my health was better; my wife and I were happy and soon we had enough for a comfortable living and a little money laid aside.

I say, stick to the farmer's life; it is the healthiest and happiest as well as the surest and safest of any. It will be hard, but so will anything be for a time and success is sure to come if you will persevere.

I served four years in the war for Uncle Sam and am now 62 years old.—"Uncle Sam."

A Popular Woman Writer

MRS. MARGARET DELAND.

Margaret Deland is one of the best beloved of American women writers. She was born in Pennsylvania, but is now a resident of Boston. Her first novel was John Ward, Preacher, a book which was widely read and created much comment. Since then she has written several other books and a large number of short stories. She is also a favorite writer for the magazine.

Mrs. Deland's Old Chester Tales and Dr. Lavendar's People endeared to countless readers a delightful, old-fashioned village and a group of quaint, lovable people who have recently reappeared in a new novel by Mrs. Deland, entitled The Awakening of Helena Richie. It is the story of the awakening of a beautiful young woman to her nobler self, her renunciation and turning from the past, through the unconscious influence of a little boy, David, whom she takes into her home and heart. The novel is a tale of simple country folk, so true to life in its characters and events that it is one of the leading books of the day.

THE COOK.

Can You Can?

Many requests have been received by The Blade cook for directions for canning vegetables. To be successful in this work care must be taken to have new rubbers, and perfect cans; little pieces of glass chipped from the edges of a can will often cause the contents to spoil. It is the entire exclusion of air that will preserve canned goods.

Canned Corn.

Cut sweet young corn from the cob, cover with cold water and cook till tender. Five minutes before it is ready to remove from the fire add one ounce of tartaric acid (dissolved in warm water) for each seven quarts of the corn before it is put on to cook. While the acid water is boiling, pack the corn into glass jars, fill to overflowing with the liquid, and seal. When used, open the can, pour off the acid water and cover the corn with fresh, cold water, and let it stand for half an hour. Add a teaspoonful of sugar, and milk to taste, when heating it for the table.

Canned String Beans.

Wash, string and break the beans in small pieces as for the table, and let them boil till tender in water with a piece of salt fat pork. When the pods are tender add tartaric acid to make the water taste like weak vinegar and can as usual. Always wash vegetables that are canned with acid before using them. The acid is harmless, but will spoil the taste of the vegetables if it is not washed off.

Canned Butter Beans.

These are prepared the same as the string beans and served with a sauce of cream, or hot milk poured over them.

Canned Tomatoes.

Peel by pouring boiling water over them, leave in large pieces, cover with cold water and bring to a boil; add a tablespoonful of sugar and one of salt, pour into glass cans, packing as solidly as possible and seal. Keep in a cool, dark place.

If the tomatoes are wanted for frying, use those not too ripe, peel, cut in slices half an inch thick and stand in a flat pan in the oven until thoroughly heated. Then pack in wide mouthed jars and fill the jars with boiling water; seal at once. Tomatoes prepared thus retain their natural flavor and are nice to fry, or to serve as a salad.

Tomato Preserves.

For these use the small yellow or red tomatoes, peel and drop into a syrup of sugar and water and cook until tender. Lift carefully into jars; add Jamaica ginger to the syrup and boil until it is thick as molasses, then pour over the tomatoes. When cold, wet tissue paper with spiced vinegar and lay over the preserves. Cover with paraffine and keep in a cool, dark place.

No man knows the woman to whom he would bring his cup of joy till he has found her to whom he feels he might also bring his grief.

Women and Their Inventions

In reply to the charge that women are lacking in mechanical ingenuity, it is asserted that many of the most valuable inventions patented by men in reality represent ideas conceived in the brains of their wives, their sisters and their daughters. Eli Whitney's famous cotton gin is said to have been merely the application of a device first thought out by a woman—the widow of General Nathanael Greene.

Whether this assertion in their behalf be well founded or not, it is certain that there are not a few inventions credited to women in the records of the patent office at Washington, which take high rank as improvements in the arts of civilization—a noteworthy instance being that of the ice-cream freezer, which was patented by a lady of Philadelphia, Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson, in 1843. This was the first of all mechanical ice cream freezers; and the original model, still preserved, shows that modern contrivances of the kind are in no way materially different from the earliest design thus created. Mrs. Johnson, by the way, died only a short time ago in the Quaker City at an advanced age.

The first pasteboard egg-tray, divided into square compartments, such as is used so widely nowadays for transporting the perishable product of the hen, was the idea of a farmer's daughter, who, being much exasperated by the frequent breaking of the eggs which she packed for shipment, hit upon this ingenious and admirable expedient to remedy the mischief. At the present time such egg-trays are manufactured in many patterns, represented by a variety of patents, but they are all based upon the same fundamental principle.

Women's inventions recorded at the patent office already number a good many thousands. The first one dates back to 1809, and was granted to Mary Keis for a method of weaving straw with silk thread. Nearly all of the early patents granted to persons in petticoats seem to have been for articles of apparel, cooking utensils, or other things designed for use or ornament about the house. But after a while along came a lady of Philadelphia with an improvement in beehives; and another from the same city, with a heater for railroad cars. Then a Georgia woman patented a plow, and an Ohio woman secured exclusive rights in a car coupler.

One might go on talking about women's inventions almost indefinitely. The gentler sex has always been creative of new ideas—ever since the world began. They were the first farmers, the first weavers, the first shoemakers. Almost every art has owed its earliest beginnings to them. It was the Chinese Empress Tao who first spun silk; and a luxurious Asiatic lady, Mhearai Misi, is said to have made the first attar of roses. A young woman of Saxony, Barbara Uttman, manufactured the first pillow lace; and two Italian girls, sisters named Cunio, were the originators of wood engraving. All of the history of civilization, indeed, both ancient and modern, is full of women's inventive achievements; and, against the charge of mechanical incompetence so often brought against them, their record in this regard furnishes an ample and most convincing defense.—Rene Bache in The Technical World Magazine for August.

PASTEBOARD TRAY FOR TRANSPORTING EGGS.
Invented by a farmer's daughter.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

It has been quite a while since I have been with you, but I came today to tell you about a very pleasant day I spent recently.

I went to an all-day meeting a few miles from my home. I took the train at 8 o'clock and reached my destination about half past ten. The meeting was held in a beautiful grove, and we had a lengthy, but very good sermon, after this ten persons were baptized, and the meeting adjourned for a basket-dinner served in the grove. After this there was more preaching and singing until it was time to return to our homes, and as many came from quite a distance they had to leave early. I reached my home at 6 o'clock that evening after a very pleasant and helpful day.

I wore my M. G. R. badge, but did not seen any other while I was away from home. Have you all the flowers you want? If not come and see me down here in West Virginia, and I will supply you. I wish I could send a bunch of my four-o'clocks to Miss Prudence today.—"Gray Eyes," W. Va.

For several years I have been an interested listener to the pleasant talk of the M. G. R. girls and boys and now I come asking to be recognized as "one of them." Nothing I could say about myself could be of any possible interest to you, but perhaps I may give my views on some of the subjects that are up for discussion so they may be helpful to someone.

To "Clara" I will say that I think instruction by mail may be profitable, though much would naturally depend upon the student and the studies taken up. It requires a great deal of hard work, and correspondence, and more time than is usually understood from the advertisements of such schools. Some excellent results have been obtained by correspondence study with a private individual who has made a specialty of the subject in which one is interested. I do not wish to discourage any one from trying, for it is almost always true that a person who is really anxious to obtain an education will succeed, no matter what method may be pursued.

It certainly would seem that "Em T. Head" is a badly chosen "nom" for one who is capable of doing so much and such good work as is shown by the writer of the letters over that name.

In reply to "New England Girl's" question, my opinion is that the society should not be hampered by the undesirable man, and that the wife should be excluded with her husband. This would be one of the consequences of a hasty, or ill considered marriage. If women knew they were to be thus punished for the sins and shortcomings of their husbands, they would be more careful in their choice of life partners, and fewer women would commit the folly of marrying a man in the hopes of reforming him.

My experience with "chain" letters has led me to think they are all frauds and although in the past I have heeded some of the more reasonable of these requests, in the future I shall disregard them and have no compunctions in "breaking the chain."—"Beryl."

Speaking of chain letters, Miss Prudence has been investigating the one of which a copy was sent to "Buckeye Schoolma'am" and has found there is no "Bishop" in any church who has authority to send out such a letter. It—the letter—has been disowned by the clergy of all churches as being the work of a fanatic, or an insane person.

Although I have never felt competent to be a member of the M. G. R., I must come once—if I am not allowed in again—to say how interested I am in the "experiment" of doing housework, those school girls are to try. It is no experiment with me, for I have been housemaid in a family for six years, and think I know a considerable of the trials—yes, and the pleasures also, of such a life.

When my father died there was nothing left for the support of my stepmother and her two little children, and no one to earn anything unless I could. So it seemed plainly my duty to leave school and "get busy." Please excuse the slangy expression, for it exactly expresses the meaning.

I tried to get a school to teach, or a place in a store or a factory, but the first seemed impossible, and in any of the other places I could not earn—or rather get—more than three dollars a week, and out of that must come my board and expenses, which would leave very little for the household I was to supoprt.

While I had never really done much housework, I had helped at home and liked the work, only I knew it would be different socially, if I went into the house of a stranger and became the "hired girl," even though I worked no harder than I had in my own family. But it was no time for pride and I answered an advertisement for general housework and obtained the situation. At first it was very hard, in many ways, but as my lady and I became accustomed to each other's ways things became easier and I more satisfied. After three years my stepmother married again, and so for the last three years I have had no one to be responsible for except my own self.

I started in to work for $2.50 a week, and that was really all I was worth then, but I had no board or room rent to pay, and was not obliged to dress as I would in a store. As I learned more and became more valuable my wages were raised until for the last two years I have received $5 a week, and am trusted to take the whole charge of the house, hiring extra help when I need it and having two weeks vacation, with pay, every year.

About the social side I could not enjoy the company of those girls who were ignorant and whose sole idea of happiness was in wearing cheap finery and going with young men to cheap theatres, etc., so, for a while, I kept by myself entirely, but I love to read and there were plenty of books in the house that I was free to borrow. After a while I became acquainted with some girls, who, like myself, preferred the independence of housework to being the servant of the public in a store, and made some excellent friends—for I assure you there are "kitchen maids" who have the same ideas of truth, honesty and proper behavior as do the young ladies in the parlor—so now I find plenty of amusement and really enjoy my work.

There are always possibilities of improving when one is interested in her occupation, and it is quite as interesting to study out a new way of making your work more scientific and useful to your employer, as it is to solve a problem in mathematics or to paint a beautiful picture.

I have sometimes been asked if I always expect to "do housework and remain single." I cannot tell, but so far, I have not been able to see the advantage of marrying and doing housework without pay, and with the extra care and added responsibilities of a wife and mother. I suppose if the right man ever comes along I may see things in a different light, but until he does come, I shall remain a — "Working Housekeeper."

The above letter is full of common sense. It is a pity that more do not see things in the same light.—Ed.

GOOD TO KNOW.

For waists that fasten in the back, the small crocheted buttons are better than the pearl, as they will not slip unfastened so easily.

To make a waterproof dye for straw hats that have become yellow or faded with exposure to the sun, select some sealing wax that is just the color and shade you desire, and dissolve one ounce of the wax in four ounces of alcohol. If it does not readily dissolve, set the bottle containing it in a dish of warm water and stir it gently till the wax does dissolve, but remember this mixture will be very inflammable and must not come near a fire. After the hat has been thoroughly brushed free of dust, and—if too badly stained given a gasoline bath—apply the dissolved wax with a brush. The straw will not only be brightened, but will be stiffened, and made to look like new. Then brush and press all ribbon or chiffon trimming, discard all faded flowers and when the trimming is replaced you will be well repaid for all trouble.

MAKE THIS A DAY.

Make this a day. There is no gain
In brooding over days to come;
The message of today is plain.
The future's lips are ever dumb.
The work of yesterday is gone—
For good or ill, let come what may;
But now we face another dawn;
Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see
The urging hand and earnest face
That men call Opportunity,
We failed to know the time or place
For some great deed, what need to fret?
The dawn comes up a silvery gray;
The golden moments must be met;
Make this a day.

The day is yours; the work is yours;
The odds are not who pays your hire;
The thing accomplished—that endures.
If it be what the days require.
He who takes up his daily round,
As one new armored for the fray,
Tomorrow steps on solid ground;
Make this a day.

—The Talisman.

The Ancient City of Heliopolis

About ten miles northeast of Cairo lie a few crumbled stones and a single obelisk; these are all that remain of the ancient city of Heliopolis. This obelisk, the oldest in Egypt, was erected by the second king of the fourth dynasty, about two hundred years before the dawn of the Christian era.

Heliopolis was not only a famous city of the ancient world, but it was the seat of learning as well. One of its greatest attractions was the Temple of the Sun, possibly the most celebrated building in Egypt. This temple has been described as standing in an area which measured a mile in length and half a mile in width. The approach to it was by an avenue lined with colossal sphinxes.

The ride to Heliopolis takes one through a growing suburb where a large number of beautiful houses have quite recently been erected. The road then emerges into a highly cultivated plain. This was once barren sand, but is now nourished and fertilized by the waters of the Nile, which have been carried to it.

At intervals are passed extensive buildings, a military school, numbers of old tombs, an astronomical observatory where the calculations are made for the yearly Mohammedan almanac, the palace of Zafforan, built by the late khedive for his mother, and also the palace occupied by the present khedive. This is situated in the midst of a fine plantation.

Just before reaching Helipolis we dismount to step aside into a garden where stands an ancient sycamore tree, under whose shade the Holy Family is said to have rested on their flight into Egypt. This tree, which is crooked and gnarled, has its trunk and limbs covered with names, which travelers have cut in the bark.

So zealous have thoughtless travelers been to secure mementos that the owner of the tree has been obliged to fence it in, so that it might not be carried away in chips by the desecrating hands of would-be worshipers.

The obelisk at Heliopolis—the sheik of obelisks the Egyptians call it—is the only object of interest. It remains just where hands which now rest from all labor placed it four thousand years ago. It is made of red granite, and stands sixty-six and one-half feet above the pavement on which it rests. Its base is rather more than six feet square. The inscription, which is alike on all four sides, is in large heiroglyphics. The lines are as sharply defined as if cut but yesterday. The pavement upon which the obelisk stands is about six feet below the level of the surrounding plain.

Strabo described the city as standing on a raised site; hence it is apparent that both the river and the alluvial plain have been raised to a considerable extent during the last two thousand years.

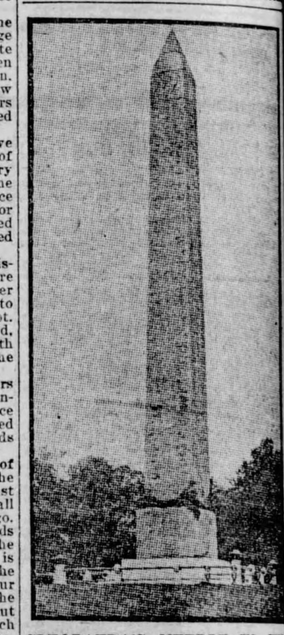
Very few Egyptian obelisks are to be found on their original sites. Some have been removed to Rome and Alexandria, others transported to places at still greater distances. Cleopatra's Needle, in Central park, New York city, was brought to America in 1885, at great expense and with much difficulty, from its site under Egyptian skies. It was a gift to the United States from the khedive of Egypt.

Its counterpart, a gift to England, lay prostrate in the sands of Alexandria for many years, but was finally taken to London and placed on the banks of the Thames. Curious hieroglyphics upon it prove that it was originally in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis.

Heliopolis was renowned for its learning, its literature, its beautiful temples and its great priesthood. It was the University City, and was to Egypt what Cambridge is to England.

Starting out by carriage from Heliopolis, we soon are beyond its limits and in the open country. At once we are transported to the customs of Bible times. Nothing seems to have changed in the space of four thousand years. Here are the hewers of wood, the drawers of water, and the old mode of plowing the soil and of threshing the grain.

On all sides we notice the great fertility of the soil. Work and water seem



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN CENTRAL PARK.

the only agents lacking to render the country the garden of the world in the course of a few years.

Heliopolis was at one time counted among the wonders of the world. Little remains of its former glory. Gone are the avenues of sphinxes, the groves of statues and the renowned Temple of the Sun. The hands that planted Mary's tree have long since crumbled and mingled with the dust of eighteen hundred years, yet the tree, of immense size, still stands, and is likely to stand for centuries.—From Views in Africa. Copyright by Silver, Burdett & Co.

WATER BIRDS.
Seen Only in Summer.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JUNE.

New Work.....Buckeye, Jr.
Solutions.....W. P. E.

1.—WHO WAS SHE?

She was an eminent female philosopher and preacher of the Society of Friends, born May 21, 1780, at Earlham hall, near Norwich. When only 18 years old she established a home for 80 poor children in her father's home, and in 1820 married a man in business in London, having by him a family of eight children. In 1813 she first visited the female prisoners in Newgate, and in 1816 began a series of systematic visiting in the prison. In 1818 she exerted herself to better the condition of female convicts sentenced to transportation, making frequent continental journeys for the relief of women in foreign prisons. She also interested herself in the abolition of slavery, the advancement of education, and the distribution of Bibles and tracts. She died at Ramsgate, October 12, 1845. She was often called the "Female Howard."

ALICE CASEY.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If a person buys 600 barrels of flour at $9.25 a barrel and sells 33 1-3 per cent. of the same at a profit of 10 per cent., and the rest at a profit of 12½ per cent., what per cent. will he gain on the whole?

ANNA ALICE.

3.—BIBLICAL ACROSTIC.

My first was an Egyptian goddess. (Gen. 41:45.)
My second was an idol. (Jer. 51:44.)
My third was a city of the tribe of Simeon. (Josh. 19:7.)
My fourth was a mighty man.
My fifth was a man hung for conspiracy.
My sixth was a man who was stoned to death for stealing.
My seventh was a city that a king built for his idolatrous wife. (I. Kings 9:24.)
Initials of these words form the name of a man who told half a lie.

C. M. B.

4.—BIBLICAL TREE.

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                o
              x o x
              x o x
            x x o x x
            x x o x x
          x x x o x x x
                o
                o
                o
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1.—Found in Ark.
2.—Adam's number.
3.—A patient man.
4.—On spoken of in a parable. (Mark 13:3.)
5.—A word that frequently appears at the end of a verse or sentence in the Psalms.
6.—The father of two of the disciples.
7.—In In sacred.
8.—In glory.
9.—In mercy.

Centrals name a tree that grew in the garden of Eden.

CARRIE NATION.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell the 'Cademites what was meant by the "Fructidor?"

L. A. K.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Who fights with passions and others comes, that man is armed
With the best virtues—passive fortitude."

W. P. E.

Answers to Puzzles of August 2.

1.—Gen. John C. Fremont.
2.—1,975 men.
3.—North Dakota.
4.—Words forming half square: Zaham, Adar, Ham, Ar, M.
5.—Ghee is a kind of butter used in many parts of India, and generally prepared from the milk of buffaloes. The fresh milk is boiled for an hour or more, then allowed to cool, and a little curdled milk, called dhye, is added to promote coagulation. The curdled milk is churned for half an hour, some hot water is then added, and the churning is continued for another half hour, when the butter forms. When it begins to become rancid, which is usually the case after a few days, it is boiled until all the water it contains is expelled, and a little dhye or salt, or betel-leaf is added, after which it is put in closed pots and kept for use. It is used to an enormous extent by the natives of India, but is seldom relished by Europeans.
6.—Owen Feltham wrote:
"To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders; and because they cannot agree to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers."

Chat.

There was a class of "old-timers" at the 'Cademy this morning, consisting of Perry Cross, Pauline, Geo. W. Hasterton, Lewis J. Baird, and W. P. E.; while one new comer whose letter has been "sidetracked" since June was welcomed as W. H. Benson.

The Schoolmistress regrets very much that your answer was overlooked for so long a time. W. H., and hopes you will give her another chance to credit you on her books.

Perry Cross, thank you for the new work and the assurance that you are still "with us."

Pauline signs herself "Yours Sweltering-ly." It has been warm in Toledo as the Mistress can testify.

In answering a puzzle in the list of July 19, "A Sane Fourth of July," W. P. E. adds in parenthesis, "Here, too,"

GEN. RUDIGER TO REMAIN

Czar's Brother-In-Law to Soon Command Entire Army.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 8.—Notwithstanding the improvement in the situation produced by the collapse of the strike the Nevoe Vremya announced today that it is still the intention to place Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch in immediate command of the whole army, concentrating the direct authority over the troops composing each separate corps and division in his hands.

The paper says the announcement of his appointment may be expected in a few days and adds that this will not make the grand duke a dictator as the administrative functions will remain in the hands of the minister of war. M. Rudiger, minister of war, is understood to have protested vigorously against the step and this led to the report that he would be succeeded by General Trepoff, but it appears now that General Rudiger will probably remain in office.

Premier Stolypin has gone to Peterhof to secure the emperor's approval of the appointments of Prince Vassilchikoff, as minister of agriculture; M. Filossofoff, as minister of commerce, and M. Iswolsky, brother of the foreign minister as procurator-general of the holy synod.

Warsaw, Aug. 8.—The terrorists are continually attacking and robbing post-offices, government spirit shops, treasures and the mails. The governor general has ordered that henceforth the inhabitants of villages, communities and cities in or near which crimes occur shall pay the losses resulting from such robberies.

Sosnowice, Russian Poland, Aug. 8.—A bomb was thrown today in a crowded waiting room at the railway station. One man was killed and many were wounded. A frightful panic ensued resulting in injury to many other persons. Women fainted and children were trampled upon. The thrower of the bomb escaped.

AGED DUKE WAS CLEVER

Something of the Life of the Late John Manners.

London, Aug. 11.—The Duke of Rutland (John James Robert Manners), who died on Saturday last, was born in 1818.

His title dates from 1525, while some of his other titles are of even older origin. He was a direct descendant of a daughter of King Edward IV., and had many illustrious ancestors.

He took a foremost place in the affairs of government and was prominent in several cabinets in which he held portfolios.

He was a vigorous writer of both prose and verse, and many of his works caused considerable controversy.

The duke was the owner of 62,000 acres of land in England and had many fine estates. He was twice married.

The Mannerses are a long-lived race—

Duke of Rutland
FROM THE ARGUS

indeed, there have only been three reigning Dukes of Belvoir since the year 1587, a period of nearly a hundred and twenty years. The duke was far and away the oldest cabinet minister, and sat in seven cabinets, the first being Lord Derby's, of 1852. Lord Beaconsfield had a great regard for the duke; he drew a wonderful picture of him in "Coningsby" and also in "Tancred," and he always declared that though he was never without Lord John Manners—as the duke then was—as a colleague, yet he never asked him for an office or a place of any kind.

Everybody has heard of the duke's early poetical effusion about "Leave us still our old nobility," but what is not so well known is that, on being once twitted with the coupiet in the house, he uttered the dignified rebuke, "I would rather be the boy who wrote those foolish lines than I would be the man who can bring them up against the boy now."

The duke retained, even in extreme old age, his wonderfully slight and agile figure and his beautiful and abundant silver white hair.

Ever since the death of the duchess, Lady Victoria Manners, his only unmarried daughter has been not only his constant friend and companion, but also the undisputed queen of the historic castle to which she is devotedly attached. Lady Victoria, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, was a goddaughter of the late Queen Victoria, and is known to her intimates as "Queenie." Like her sister-in-law, Lady Granby, she has a great taste in art and paints well both in oil and in water color.

One of the glories of Belvoir is, of course, the famous pack of foxhounds, which trace an uninterrupted descent from the year 1750. The kennel books actually in existence go back a hundred and fifty years. Any one who looks the pack over and notes the persistence of the tan head, the pure white ground, and the black saddle mark on the back, may well wonder how the kennelmen can possibly know the hounds each by their names.

GERMANY WON'T MEDDLE

Emperor Nicholas Must Fight His Own Battles.

Berlin, Aug. 10.—The Cologne Gazette today, discussing the report circulated in Russia that Germany intends to interfere and maintain the throne of Emperor Nicholas if it becomes necessary, rejects the idea of interference conditionally. It says:

The incursion of foreign armies into Russia to support the Russian emperor would be of the worse possible to him since it would arouse the wrath and indignation of the Russian people against him. Moreover wholesome national self-interest unconditionally forbids Germany from mixing in the Russian troubles. The idea for the interference of one nation in the affairs of another has grown decidedly unpopular within the last few decades.

Russia's interference in Hungary in 1848 brought Russia no advantage whatever, but caused harm since it aroused the irreconcilable hatred of a foreign nation against her.

The Cologne Gazette denies that any desire exists in Germany to interfere in favor of Russian officialdom or the imperial family of Russia.

STOLE EMPEROR'S CROWN.

Paris, Aug. 13.—Telegraphing from Lisbon, a correspondent says a Brazilian named Guerreiro has been arrested there charged with the theft of the crown of the Brazilian emperors, which is formed of precious stones and valued at $500,000.

SEE DAWN OF FREEDOM

Shah Orders Formation of a National Assembly.

Washington, Aug. 11.—For the first time in her history Persia is to have a national assembly. This information was conveyed to the Persian minister here late yesterday afternoon in a cablegram from Mirza Nassrollah Khan Mochiredolet Sadreazame, the grand vizier and minister for foreign affairs, who stated that in view of the desire of his imperial majesty, the shah, for the extension of national tranquillity and for the welfare of Persia and all its inhabitants and in order

SHAH OF PERSIA.

to fortify the government, it had been decreed necessary to give certain reforms and a constitution suitable for the country and for the administration. The immediate organization of a national assembly for the realization of these reforms accordingly was ordered.

According to the dispatch, the assembly will be composed of equal parties, namely, princes of the blood, clergy, chief of the reigning dynasty, cadjar, high dignitaries and personages, merchants and representatives of corporations.

The assembly will meet at Teheran and it is provided that all civil and constitutional laws shall originate in the assembly and after the signature of his majesty will become effective.

The cablegram concludes as follows: "In order to thank his imperial majesty for this happy initiation, the people were authorized to celebrate this happy event by rejoicing, and this day was declared a national holiday for the people."

The Persian minister last night expressed his pleasure at the news and said it had come to him as a great surprise. The legation flag instantly was flown to the breeze.

It was pointed out by the minister that the action, following within one week of the appointment of the new grand vizier, is indicative of that official's progressive ideas and that much good is expected to result from his leadership.

DOES NOT CARE FOR JOB

Duke Nicholas Balks on Chief of Russian Army.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 13.—Grand Duke Nicholaievitch has declined to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all the troops of the empire, "where martial law exists," which was tendered to him August 4.

Whether this was decided before or after the attempt on the life of the grand duke at Kresnoye-Salo on October 10, is not known, but the ostensible reason is that the Grand Duke Nicholas believes such a post should not be given to a

GENERAL LINEVITCH.

grand duke, but to a purely military man. He advocates the appointment of General Linevitch, formerly commander-in-chief of the Manchurian army, but the emperor has not finally decided the matter.

Sunday, the second birthday of the czarevitch, was observed with the usual display of flags and illuminations, but there was no enthusiasm in the celebration. In fact, few persons seemed even to know what was the occasion for the celebration.

The day was quiet at the capital. The activity of the terrorists in the provinces included, besides the usual harvest of assassinations in Warsaw, an attempt on the life of General Karateiff, chief of the gendarmerie of Samara province, and the wounding of Captain of Police Ivanoff, of Libau, by a youth, who fired thrice at him in the street.

The assailant of General Karateiff mounted the stairs of the general's chancellery and threw a bomb at random. The missile failed to explode, and the miscreant escaped in spite of the hot pursuit.

CAPTURED 10,000 CAMELS.

London, Aug. 13.—A correspondent at Aden reports that the Mad Mullah has raided the Somaliland border, killing more than 1,000 of the Rarcharon tribe dwelling in the Ogadon region and capturing 10,000 camels.

ENDS LIFE FOR LOVE

95-Year-Old Man Refused by Girl Hangs Himself.

Manitowoc, Wis., Aug. 8.—Alois Turkinsky, of Reedsville, 95 years of age, disappointed in love, hanged himself yesterday. Turkinsky was won by the charms of Anna Kirch, aged 20. He made strenuous efforts to awaken a feeling of love in the heart of the girl, but failed. When he found the girl would not marry him, Turkinsky made his way sadly to his son's home, where he lived, and going into the attic ended his life.

17 GENERALS CAPTURED

Colombians Charged With Conspiracy.

Panama, Aug. 11—The police last night captured seventeen Colombians, former revolutionary generals, on the charge of conspiring against high national authorities. The prisoners during the revolution of 1900, distinguished themselves by their depredations in the interior of the isthmus. A Mexican named Ruiz Sandoval also was taken into custody. All the men arrested had recently arrived in Panama.

Secretary Arias refuses to furnish any details of the plot, but it is rumored that some of the members of the Panama Liberal party are implicated. The prisoners will be deported as pernicious foreigners. All danger seems to be past.

The conditions here are normal, the general public not being aware that the authorities have captured the plotters. It is asserted that if the conspiracy had been successful it might have resulted in serious consequences to the republic of Panama.

MAN BEHIND THE THRONE

Peter Pobiedonostseff, Adviser of Emperor Nicholas

St. Petersburg, Aug. 13.—The man behind the throne is Peter Pobiedonostseff, procurator and attorney general for the holy synod, the central ruling body of the orthodox Greek church, of which the czar of Russia is the head. He has been a member of all the ministries for the last twenty-six years, and, although he is probably the most unpopular man in Russia, no incident or influence has been able to shake the confidence of three czars in his ability, integrity and wisdom. He was the tutor of Alexander III. He instructed Nicholas II in theology and prepared the present czarina, as well as the dowager empress, for admission to the Russian faith. Both were Protestants before their marriages. He has therefore been intimately associated

PETER POBIEDONOSTSEFF.

with the imperial family for more than a third of a century and has exercised a greater degree of influence over them then any other man. He is a great favorite with the empress dowager, and stood with her beside the bedside of Alexander III when he was dying. He has settled several very serious family quarrels, and has been the habitual adviser on family matters ever since the marriage of Alexander II to the Princess Dolgorouki, at which he was present. He has been consulted by three czars upon all subjects, and, while his advice is not always followed, no one has ever suspected him of any but the most disinterested and sincere solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the Romanoff family.

Pobiedonostseff does not believe in education. He says in one of his books: "Why should peasants learn to read? If they do they will read bad books, which will not only make them discontented and immoral, but will imperil their souls."

He does not believe in newspapers. In another of his books he says: "Art is sensualism; the press is prostitution. We need none of those evils in Russia."

Some years ago he had Tolstoi, the famous novelist, excommunicated from the church because of the immoral tone of his books. It was he who in 1887 wrote the celebrated decree closing the schools of Russia against the children of all families who did not have a certain income, on the ground that education bred discontent among the poor. He is not unfriendly toward the peasants, but considers ignorance their best protection. He argues that it is not necessary for them to know anything. The priests can tell them all that is necessary. Several times he has instructed the priests to prohibit the circulation of books and the reading of newspapers among the common people, and has always admonished them to teach the peasants that they have only to obey God and the czar and do what their priests tell them.

POLICE HAVE REVOLTED

Attack Governor's Palace in State of Sergipe.

Rio de Janeiro, Aug. 11.—According to advices received here from the state of Sergipe, the police of Aracaju, capital of that state, have revolted and attacked the governor's palace. The movement is not considered to be of great importance.

The government has sent two battalions of troops from Bahia to subdue the mutinous policemen.

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

One Member of British Crew Killed and Three Wounded.

Honk Kong, Aug. 11.—A British launch, the Wingfat, was attacked by pirates close to Wu Chow last night.

One of her crew was killed and three were wounded.

The pirates secured about $500 and a chest of opium.

SULTAN IS MUCH BETTER

Promotes His Doctor to the Rank of General.

Constantinople, Aug. 13.—It is stated that the sultan passed a good night, and that his condition this morning is somewhat improved. His reluctance to submit to treatment has hitherto complicated the situation, but one of the palace doctors has induced him to allow the employment of a simple appliance which gave immediate relief. The doctor, in recognition of his services, has been promoted to the rank of general.

COLONEL'S SON GUILTY

Seven Sveaborg Mutineers Shot and Buried.

Helsingfors, Finland, Aug. 13.—The trial by court martial of the Sveaborg mutineers commenced Saturday, and Lieutenants Kochanovsky and Emilianoff, aged respectively 20 and 21 years, and five soldiers were at the first sitting found guilty and condemned to death, and all were shot and buried in a common grave without ceremony.

Kochanovsky's father is a colonel of the guards at St. Petersburg. Emilianoff's mother appealed by telegraph to the emperor for a reprieve, but unsuccessfully. Emilianoff's fiancee's arrest compromising his case.

TO TRY 2,000 MUTINEERS

Believed That Officers Rather Than Men Were at Fault.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 11. — After the preliminary investigation, the military and naval prosecutors have decided to try by court-martial no less than 2,000 soldiers and sailors who participated in the Cronstadt and Sveaborg mutinies.

The prospects of the men, however, have been brightened by the decision of the emperor to appoint two extraordinary commissions, headed respectively by Generals Vodar and Guncehroff and Admirals Mollas and Makaroff, to investigate the causes of the outbreaks at Cronstadt and Sveaborg and to determine the responsibility for the demoralization.

War Minister Rudiger and Minister of Marine Birileff are said to be arriving at the same conclusion as Admiral Skrydloff, the commander of the Black Sea fleet, that the officers are more to blame than the men.

The commission will inquire into the general conditions prevailing in the navy and army and it may result in a very great shake-up including the wholesale cashiering and retirement of commissioned officers. A proposition to furlough indefinitely the superfluous sailors on the Baltic station is being seriously considered. It is pointed out that there are no ships nor occupation for them and that they are merely a source of demoralization.

HOLY GHOSTERS STARVE

So That Leader-Preacher Can Return to Palestine—Meetings Are Noisy.

Shiloh, Me., Aug. 8.—Because money is needed to refit Rev. Frank W. Sandford's ocean yacht, Coronet, which was badly damaged by running on the rocks off Freeport while the captain was leading a prayer meeting, a season of fasting and prayer has been proclaimed on the hilltop, which means that until money is forthcoming the residents, never overfed, will have hardly enough food and drink to live. The same condition applies to Sandford's headquarters in Boston, where a number of the faithful from the hilltop have been staying for some time.

Blames It on the Devil.

Sandford, who is anxious to get the yacht in shape to return to Palestine, declares that the damage to the boat was due to the presence of a devil in the flock, and he declares the Israelites, as he proclaims his people to be, must pray that devil out before God will send the $1,000 he so much needs.

The exercises here consist of what is practically a continuous prayer meeting, which is marked by hideous shouting and yelling. This is particularly true of a band of Holy Ghosters who are occupying the old Roper place, near the main settlement in Durham, where for 36 hours the disciples of "Elijah" have kept up a terrible din.

Kick on the Noise.

So unearthly were the sounds that people who passed the place thought the entire company were either lunatics or intoxicated. Finally, Mrs. Alfred Lunt told the man in charge that unless the nuisance was at once abated, she would appeal to the courts, and then the crowd subsided.

When Mrs. Lunt asked why the peace of the neighborhood was thus disturbed, she was told by the Sandfordites that they were praying to have $1,000 sent to use in repairing Sandford's yacht.

On the hilltop there have been numerous 24 and 48-hour fasts proclaimed, and the racket there has been more pronounced than at the Roper place, but as there are not many non-believers there to be annoyed, it has attracted less attention. During these fasts neither very young nor very old are permitted food or water.

UNCLE SAM WANTS 500 MECHANICS.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—The government wants 500 skilled mechanics for service on the Panama canal. Henry A. Smith, employment agent of the Isthmian canal commission, arrived in Chicago to recruit these men. The class of men wanted are mechanics, boilermakers, blacksmiths, locomotive engineers, conductors and brakemen. Agent Smith will remain in Chicago for three weeks to receive applications, and as soon as the men qualify they will be furnished transportation to Panama.

PULAJANES KILL YANKS

Hand-to-Hand Fight on Island of Leyte.

Manila, Aug. 10.—First Lieutenant John F. James and two privates of the Eighth infantry, with Contract Surgeon Calvin Snyder and Internal Revenue Collector Williams, of Illinois, were killed yesterday afternoon in a hand-to-hand fight with a force of Pulajanes at Julita, Island of Leyte.

The detachment, which consisted of ten men, was greatly outnumbered, but made a gallant fight.

The Pulajanes captured three pistols, four Krag-Jorgensen rifles and three hundred rounds of ammunition.

THE ANTI-CIGARET CRUSADE

Has No Effect in Diminishing Use by British Tars.

London, Aug. 13.—The anti-cigaret crusade was never more active in England than at present, the outcome being the projected legislation regarding juvenile smoking. It seems curious, therefore, that the British admiralty should select this moment to popularize cigaret smoking in the navy.

For years the popularity of the pipe and the sailors' powerful plug tobacco has been decreasing. Navy men are showing increasing appreciation of the cigaret and the admiralty, recognizing this, has determined to issue fine cut tobacco suitable for cigaret rolling at the low price of a shilling a pound, the sailors always receiving tobacco duty free.

TO REBUILD MANSION.

San Francisco, Aug. 11. — The Claus Spreckels mansion on Van Ness avenue, is to be restored at an expenditure of $800,000. According to the terms of the contract it will be ready for occupancy within a year.

Before the fire the Spreckels mansion was one of the most pretentious homes in America.

TRIED TO KILL A DUKE

He Was Personally Reviewing Blank Firing Practice.

St. Peterburg, Aug. 11.—Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch, president of the council of national defense, narrowly escaped assassination yesterday afternoon at the hands of the Imperial guards in the guard camp at Krasnoye-Selo.

Thus far the Associated Press has only been able to obtain meager details of the affair from which it appears that the grand duke was personally reviewing, maneuvering and putting the troops through blank firing practice, when he suddenly was startled by the warlike hiss of bullets about his head.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

Fortunately neither himself nor his horse was touched.

The command to cease firing was immediately given and the soldiers of the regiment from which the bullets came were marched back to their quarters and an investigation was begun in the hope of ascertaining from the barrels of the rifles which of the soldiers fired ball cartridges.

Several arrests are understood to have been made. One of the grand duke's aides-de-camp, who, however, was not personally present, advanced to the Associated Press the theory that possibly the bullets were fired by accident, but he considered that beyond a doubt there was a plot on the part of a number of disloyal guardsmen who deliberately planned to take the grand duke's life under the cover of general blank cartridge firing.

"It was no more an accident," the aide-de-camp said, "than was the firing of the charge of grape from the saluting battery at the winter palace on the occasion of the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva by the emperor a year and a half ago."

The bold attempt on the grand duke's life, caused an immediate change in the plans of the emperor, who had arranged to go to Krasnoye Selo today and spend a week with the soldiers of his Imperial guards.

It was learned that the troops were in extended order and engaged in volley firing when the "accident" occurred, rendering it difficult to determine the regiment from which the bullet came. The grand duke, surrounded by officers and aides-de-camp was off on one side, out of the line of fire.

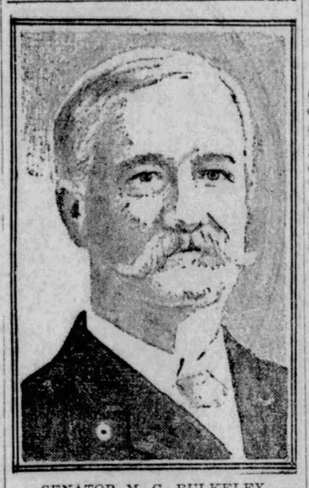
The affair has created a deep impression in military circles and is the one topic of conversation in the club, but the attempt on the grand duke's life is not generally known here, no word on the subject having been published in the newspapers.

BULKELEY WON'T ACCEPT

Senator Not a Candidate for Commander of G. A. R.

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 10. — United States Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, who has been mentioned as a candidate for the post of commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has announced that he could not possibly consider a nomination.

His public and private duties, he says,



SENATOR M. G. BULKELEY.

leave him no time for further work, such as falls to the lot of the national commander of the G. A. R. He would be unable to attend the national encampment at Minneapolis.

B. L DUKE GETS DIVORCE

Decree Granted Brother of President of American Tobacco Company.

New York, Aug. 11.—Brodie L. Duke, of Durham, N. C., brother of the president of the American Tobacco company, was today granted a final decree of absolute divorce from his wife, Alice Webb Duke. The couple were married in December, 1904.

Mrs. Duke filed an answer denying the charges set up by her husband, but did not appear to defend the suit. She brought a counter suit against him, but it was abandoned.

STANDARD OIL INDICTED

True Bill, Containing Nineteen Counts, Returned.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 9.—Standard Oil received its first serious blow from the federal government when the special grand jury empaneled to investigate alleged violations of the interstate commerce law returned an indictment embracing nineteen counts against the Standard Oil company as an incorporation.

The indictment which was presented in Judge Bethea's court sets forth that the Standard Oil company received rebates on storage charges upon oil from the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway amounting to $8,501.72. The time covered by the indictment extends from August, 1903 to March 1, 1905.

Bond for the defendant company was fixed by Judge Bethea at $25,000.

Second Grand Jury Drawn.

By order of Judge Bethea, the names of the second grand jury were drawn yesterday afternoon. Twenty-three residents of the new eastern division of the northern district of Illinois were summoned to appear at 10 o'clock next Tuesday morning. This body will take up the investigation where the present inquistorial body was compelled to leave off, beginning their investigation with March, 1905.

The indictment charges the Standard Oil company with receiving rebates in the form of non-payment of storage charges to certain railroad companies. The grand jury began the investigation yesterday. The Standard Oil company is the only defendant, no officers of the company and no railroad companies or officers being named.

This is the case investigated by the grand jury in Cleveland, where it was found that the grand jury had no jurisdiction. The testimony taken there was transferred to Chicago, and the documents in evidence were identified by witnesses who testified in Cleveland.

To Take Up Other Charges.

It was on this testimony and evidence that the indictment was returned so quickly.

The true bills come under the Elkins law, which provides a fine of from $1,000 to $20,000 for each violation. Under this indictment, should the government procure a conviction on the trial of the issues, a fine of $380,000 as a maximum under the Elkins law may be assessed.

The indictment alleges that by a system of granting the Standard Oil company certain concessions the oil company benefited to the extent of $8,506.72. The indictment, as explained by the government's attorneys, means that in nineteen instances certain consignments of oil for the Standard Oil company were stored by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad company, and that the railroad company received no payment of five cents a ton a day from the oil company for such storage, but that its competitors were compelled to pay this amount.

This is equivalent to granting a concession, it is charged, the nonpayment of the storage charges being practically a rebate in favor of the oil company. Each count sets up a discrimination of from $300 to $500 a month in favor of the oil company.

VIOLATIONS OF I. C. LAW

Pennsylvania Road, Standard and Vacuum Oil Indicted.

Jamestown, N. Y., Aug. 10.—The federal grand jury for the western district of New York today returned indictments against the Standard Oil company of New York; the Pennsylvania Railroad company and the Vacuum Oil company, of Rochester, for violations of the interstate commerce law.

There are 24 counts in each indictment of the Standard Oil company and of the Pennsylvania Railroad company and a smaller number against the Vacuum Oil company.

The specific charges allege that the Pennsylvania Railroad company granted to the Standard Oil company special concessions in the shipments of freight and that the Standard Oil company did unlawfully and knowingly accept from the Pennsylvania Railroad company a concession in respect to the transportation of certain of its properties in interstate commerce whereby and by which device that property was transported in such commerce at a less rate than that named in the tariffs so published and filed by said Pennsylvania Railroad company, in violation of the statutes.

BISHOP ENTERS DENIAL

Endless Chain of Prayer Is a Hoax.

Boston, Aug. 10.—So much annoyance has been caused to the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Episcopal bishop of Massachusetts, by the flood of letters, which has been pouring in for several months, regarding the so-called "endless chain of prayer," which was alleged to have been started by him, the bishop has found it necessary to issue the following denial of the he is connected with the matter:

"The endless chain of prayer, said to have been writen by Bishop Lawrence is a hoax. Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, never wrote it and knows nothing about it. It is the work of some demented or mischievous person."

TO ATONE FOR BROTHER

Czolgosz Seeks Place on Cleveland Police Force.

Cleveland, Aug. 8.—Michael Czolgosz, brother of Leon Czolgosz, assassin of President McKinley, has applied for a position on the police force of Cleveland. He said that his impelling motive was to remove the stain from the family name, but later asked that the statement be ignored because of the wish of his aged father, who lives with him.

He and his father, who still can speak no more English than he did at the time of the Buffalo tragedy five years ago, talked volubly in Polish before this change in sentiment was announced. Then the candidate for an officer's star said:

"My father doesn't want me to say that. Just say, please, that I want to get on the police force, but I want to stand on my own merits. If I am to be barred because of relationship, I can make my living in the future as I have in the past."

While he was talking a glance into the next room revealed on the wall a portrait of the assassin of President McKinley. At the same time the nervous twitching of the hands of Paul Czolgosz, the father, showed how his thoughts reverted to the deed of his son Leon.

Michael has taken both the mental and physical examination for the position which he covets. He has passed the latter with flying colors, but is fearful of the results of the former. As a specimen of physical manhood Czolgosz ranks far toward the top. He lacks but a quarter of an inch of six feet in height, weighs 194 pounds and is magnificently proportioned.

ANNIKIN WAS ATTACKED

Two Peasant Leaders Marked for Death.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 10. — Two unknown men attacked M. Annikin, one of the peasant leaders in the outlawed parliament, in a street at Terjioki, Finland, near where M. Herzenstein, the Constitutional Democrat leader, was murdered. In response to his cries passersby hurried up and M. Annikin's assailants decamped.

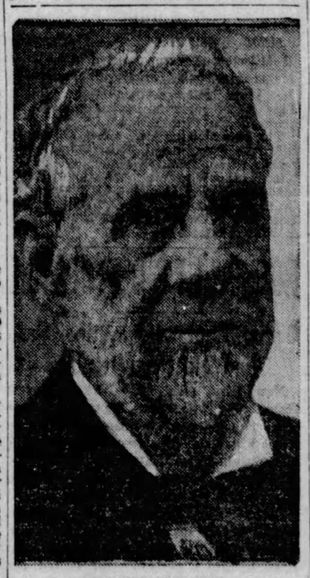
It was announced from St. Petersburg that M. Annikin and Alladin, the peasant leaders in the outlawed parliament, had received warnings from the League for the Salvation of Russia, of Odessa, that they had been sentenced to death.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 10.—Some bombs seized in a suburb of St. Petersburg were each found to be charged with six pounds of dynamite. Arrests are being made in ever-increasing numbers. It is stated that the principal members of all the trades unions are now in custody.

WILL NOMINATE DAVIS

Candidate for Vice President Wants to Go to Congress.

Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 11.—Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, Democratic candidate for vice president in 1904, will be nominated as the Democratic congressional candidate for the Second West Virginia district at the convention to be held at Keyser, near here, on September 5. Positive assurance had already been given that Thomas B. Davis will not ac-



HENRY G. DAVIS.

cept a renomination, but that ex-Senator Davis will not decline the honor if given him. This disposition on the part of the ex-senator has made the Democrats in the state jubilant and they claim that they will be able to retain the district in the Democratic column.

Senator Elkins, who is a son-in-law of the veteran statesman, made the statement some time ago that he did not intend to try to control the machine to be re-elected to the senate. The Davis boom had not been started then. Republicans have as a candidate George Sturgiss.

THANKS FOR ROOSEVELT

King of Roumania Sends an Autograph Letter.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 11.—President Roosevelt has received from the king of Roumania an autograph letter containing the Roumanian monarch's

KING CHARLES.

thanks for the congratulations recently sent him upon the fortieth anniversary of his ascension to the throne.

The letter was delivered to the President by John W. Riddle, American minister to Roumania and Servia, who has been a guest at Sagamore Hill since Thursday, and is in this country on a short leave of absence.

DOWIE MAKES A KICK

Files Objection to Receiver Hately Borrowing Money.

Chicago, Aug. 11. — John Alexander Dowie filed an objection in the United States court to the borrowing of $16,500 by Receiver John C. Hately, of Zion City.

When Judge Landis appointed Mr. Hately receiver he ordered him to pay taxes to the Lake county court on Zion City property in the sum of $7,500 and spend $9,000 to insure the buildings in Zion City. Dr. Dowie alleged that he strennously objects to this order and does not want it entered on record. He also objects because, on account of the form of Judge Landis' order, he cannot immediately appeal to the United States circuit court of appeals. The matter will not be settled until Judge Landis' return from his vacation.

APPEAL TO ROOSEVELT

Standard Oil Reopens Question of Oil Line Leases.

Oyster Bay, Aug. 9.—President Roosevelt was appealed to by the Standard Oil company today in the matter of its controversy with the department of the interior regarding oil line leases in the Indian Territory.

Former Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, representing the company in a legal capacity and Mr. Barnesdale, of Pittsburg, representing the company directly, were callers at Sagamore Hill today. They arrived on the morning train and after spending several hours with the President returned to New York in an automobile. Both declined to discuss the object of their visit. Mr. Jones said the call related purely to a matter of business and he refused to say what results were accomplished.

The oil lease controversy in the Indian Territory has been a matter of lively contention before the department of the interior for some time and the status of those leases was made the subject of protracted consideration by congress in the recent statehood legislation.

BOY REUNITES FAMILY

Lost Youth Starts New Honeymoon in Family.

Atlantic City, August 8.—A remarkable comedy of errors, in which the Atlantic City police department participated, led last night to a romantic reconciliation of the divided family of John O'Shea, of Philadelphia. Eddie Wilbur O'Shea, a little boy, was the one whose misfortunes fate selected as a medium to reunite his separated parents.

The lad, who has been living with his father, came to Atlantic City to visit his mother, Mrs. Fannie O'Shea, who has made her home here since the pair separated some months ago. He failed to find her at the address his father had given, and a patrolman, who found him weeping on the street, took him to police headquarters.

The police wired the boy's father and sent detectives to try to find his mother. Meantime the boy was allowed to go to the boardwalk.

During the boy's absence his mother appeared at the station house. Amid copious tears she declared she wanted to see the boy in the worst kind of way. As fortune would have it the father at this moment called up on the phone from Philadelphia. The boy being away, the sobbing mother talked to the father for the first time in months. Loving words followed and last night the father came down. There was a family reunion, adjustment of differences and the beginning of a new honeymoon.

GOV. FOLK THREATENED

Friends of Alleged Lynchers May Also Use Rope.

Springfield, Mo., Aug. 10. — After hearing from a city officer of threats against members of the grand jury, which indicted Hill Gooch and Doss Galbraith, charged with lynching three negroes on April 14, Assistant Attorney General Kennish left for Jefferson City to confer with Governor Folk on the situation. The threat as told to Mr. Kennish follows:

"If one of those men who are on trial for 'negro killing' is convicted, there will be a rope hung to the light tower in the square for every one of the members of the grand jury that indicted them, and there'll be another one for Governor Folk."

Twenty-five extra deputies have been sworn in to guard the trial proceedings. The work of getting a jury will begin on Saturday.

HAS A LARGE FOLLOWING

Gen. Paredes in United States to Plan a Revolution.

New York, Aug. 11.—General Antonio Paredes, who has earned a reputation in Venezuela as a valiant and able military leader, has just arrived in this city from Trinidad to plan a revolution gainst President Castro.

"I came here solely on that mission," said the general, "and I am sanguine of its success. I shall not return until I have accomplished the purpose of my visit."

The plans of General Paredes in New York have not been widely advertised as is the habit of South American insurrectionists, as General Paredes said: "I believe in doing things and saying little."

The man who hopes to overthrow President Castro has a large following in Venezuela. He was military chief at Puerto Cabello under President Andrade when Castro deposed the latter, and he was the last of Andrade's army chiefs to capitulate to the new president.

"I am here to obtain arms and ammunition," said General Paredes, "and I feel confident of getting them. It is a long trip from Trinidad to New York and I would not come here unless the prospects were favorable. And the time, too, is favorable for this movement against Castro. The military men in Venezuela are only waiting for those outside of the country to strike the first blow. In Trinidad and Curacao are several more fighters waiting to take part in the uprising."

GRAVITATION NOT RADIUM

Lord Kelvin Expresses Himself Relative to Heat of Sun or Earth.

London, Aug. 9.—Lord Kelvin has written a letter concerning recent discussions before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He protests against the inference that helium may be produced from radium, and the idea of the gradual evolution of one metal from the other. He also expresses himself as against the hypothesis that the heat of the sun or the earth is due to radium. He believes it to be mainly due to gravitation.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

CONDITIONS ARE UNIQUE

Some Big Problems Up in Oklahoma.

Wauseon, O., Aug. 13.—Wm. H. Fuller, former prosecuting attorney of Fulton county, left early this morning for his home in South McAlester, Indian Territory, after visiting his parents here. Mr. Fuller is one of the best known attorneys in Indian Territory, and is a Republican politician of note. Although it is early for such a thing, his name has already been used in connection with a United States senatorship in the new state of Oklahoma. He would not talk of that, but he did talk of some interesting things concerning the new state that soon comes into being.

"We will have one of the greatest states west of the Mississippi," he said. "We will be the third state in population in the great west, having more than California even, Missouri and Texas alone having a larger population. Congress in giving us five representatives, admitted a population of 1,500,000. We really have 1,700,000. That is a wonderful thing for a new state.

"Another remarkable fact is that it is the first state to come into the Union without civil districts in a large part of its territory. There are no townships nor counties in Indian Territory, and the federal commission now working to district the state has a stupendous task. Every town in the territory is fighting to have the county lines so drawn as to make itself the county seat. There will be some disappointments in that, sure.

"The commission hopes to get the work done so that a constitutional convention election can be called by November and the winter used by the convention in its work. Then in the spring will come an election such as has never been had in the country. Every officer

WM. H. FULLER.

of every kind, township, city, county, district and state, will have to be elected, and as the Australian ballot will be used, the ballot will be enormous, the largest thing of its kind ever used anywhere.

"As to the political complexion of the state, I think it will be Republican, and that the election of constitutional delegates will show it, but there will be an enormous independen vote in the state. 'We are going to vote for good men, not parties,' the voters say. That is the sentiment all over the state, and as a result the parties will be careful in nominations and the officers from bottom to top will be the best men in their communities.

"Statehood that is so soon coming is already giving results in a business boom. Our own town of McAlester and South McAlester has been consolidated and is growing. Northern money is coming in and projected manufacturing enterprises that have been dormant are beginning to move. Our city is one of the few in the country that has buildings made from paving brick. There are several of them. The new Masonic building walls are lined with this brick. We have just arranged to spend $175,000 on new school buildings; the city is improving fast. And that is what all the towns of the territory are doing."

NEW ISLAND IS NOW 900 FT. HIGH.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 10.—Captain Truebridge, of the steamship Northwestern, displayed a photograph that he brought from the north, taken by an officer of the revenue cutter Perry, of a newly formed island lying 50 miles west of Dutch Harbor, directly between the Bogoslof islands, commonly known as Castle and Fire islands. The new island made its first appearance during June, and is now 900 feet high. The length could not be ascertained, as the Perry could not get close enough to make an accurate measurement.

Clouds of steam arise from its summit and it is surrounded by boiling water.

W. J. BRYAN ENDORSED

Iowa Democrats Nominate Full State Ticket.

Waterloo, Ia., Aug. 8.—The Democratic state convention nominated a full ticket headed by Claude R. Porter, of Appanoose county, for governor, adopted a platform and adjourned sine die last night.

The platform favors a tariff for revenue only, the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and demands the enactment of such legislation as will effectually destroy all trusts.

The platform expresses sympathy with the purposes of national labor organizations as set forth in recent addresses by Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and others, calling on labor to assert its political rights at the ballot box.

A resolution was adopted pledging to William Jennings Bryan the support of Iowa Democrats for the presidency in 1908.

DIED IN GREAT AGONY

Former Labor Commissioner Accidentally Poisoned.

New York, Aug. 14.—John McMackin, former labor commissioner, poisoned himself by accident at his home in Livingston Manor, N. Y., and died two hours later in great agony.

Mr. McMackin went to a medicine chest, from which he took a bottle supposed to contain medicine, but which was filled with oxalic acid crystals, bought the day before to cleanse a straw hat. He mixed up a dose and swallowed it.

HEART FAILURE THE CAUSE

Mrs. Pearl Teresa Craigie Dies in London.

London, Aug. 14. — Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), the authoress and dramatist, died in her sleep some time during Sunday night of heart failure. Her death was totally unexpected, she having been apparently perfectly well when she retired.

MRS. PEARL TERESA CRAIGIE.

Mrs. Craigie had been spending a fortnight at her home, Steep Hill Castle, Ventnore, Isle of Wight, which she left Sunday afternoon to keep an engagement in London. She was 39 years of age.

Mrs. Craigie was a native of Boston, Mass., her father being John Morgan Richards. She was married when 19 years of age to Reginald Walpole Craigie, by whom she had one son, now 16 years old. Though of Protestant parentage, Mrs. Craigie joined the Roman Catholic church in 1892. Her interest in the land of her birth continued throughout her life, and she made several visits to the United States after her marriage, the last one being in November of last year, when she lectured on literary subjects.

London, Aug. 14. — The news of the death of Mrs. Craigie reached only two or three of the London morning newspapers. These journals express deep regret at the untimely loss of a popular writer and charming personality.

The Tribune editorially says "There are greater names among fiction writers, yet few whose death would strike us as a loss so painful and irreparable. She had at least given two great books to English literature, but her style and outlook in life were still unfixed, and the development of her genius seemed to show much greater possibilities."

Mrs. Craigie was a brilliant musician, and many friends regretted her decision when she announced her intention of making literature her profession. The ease and rapidity with which she wrote proved that she possessed something beside musical ability. She was but nine years old when she saw her first story in print, but eighteen when she actually embarked on a literary career. All her life she was an omniverous reader and openly approves of turning girls and boys loose among books, with no restrictions. It is not surprising that she leaned toward the making of plays—for in her books she never slighted an opportunity for dramatic situations, and her dialogue was full of wit and spice.

The inquest on the body of Mrs. Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs), will be held tomorrow. The burial will take place in the Catholic cemetery at Kensal Green.

At the time of her death Mrs. Craigie was engaged in adapting her play, A Time to Love, for publication as a novel. Her last novel, The Dream and the Business, is ready for issue, the publishers awaiting a cable dispatch from America to say that the United States copyright had been secured.

GRAIN RATES REDUCED

Wisconsin Commission Takes Action.

Madison, Wis., Aug. 9.—Grain rates in Wisconsin were reduced practically one cent a bushel in a ruling made by the state railway commission today. This is the most important ruling ever made by the commission.

The order which will affect all of the railroads operating in Wisconsin, is the result of complaints made by O. G. King against the Wisconsin Central railroad and by W. L. Houser against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Minneapolis & Omaha and the Chicago & Northwestern.

ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE

Order Made Permitting Sale of Old Homestead.

New York, Aug. 10.—The Roosevelt Home club, which was organized to acquire possession of the Roosevelt homestead where the President was born, and to maintain it as a landmark in the city of New York, has decided that it is not in a position to fulfill its mission.

Justice MacLean, in the supreme court, on the application of Roderick Beggs, president of the club and the other directors and officers, signed an order permitting the sale of the Roosevelt homestead for the sum of $60,000.

The project of securing the birthplace of President Roosevelt, at No. 28 East Twentieth street, was discouraged by the President, and from that time the proposition became a failure.

LAW MUST BE RESPECTED AT KANSAS CITY, KAN.

Kansas City, Aug. 13.—The saloon raids at Kansas City, Kan., waged so persistently a month ago by C. W. Trickett, the assistant attorney-general appointed by Governor Hoch to enforce the prohibitory law, were resumed yesterday when that official made the rounds of the joints in an automoile and arrested the proprietors of three places where liquor was being sold.

Attorney Trickett is in receipt of the following message from Attorney-General Coleman at Topeka which refers to several damage suits recently brought by several saloonkeepers whose property had been destroyed by Trickett's order:

"Pay no heed to damage suits; all the power and resources of the state are pledged to defend you and vindicate the supremacy of the law."

FOUR GAVE UP LIVES

Tried to Rescue Drowning Persons at Davenport, Wash.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 13.—Five persons prominent in the social life of Davenport, who had been enjoying an outing on the banks of the Spokane river, were drowned yesterday.

Four of the drowned heroically sacrificed their lives in an attempt to save others. One after another they plunged into the river only to be seized by the undercurrent and drawn down.

DIES FROM CIGAR BURN.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 13.—Touching a fever blister on his lip with the end of a lighted cigar is believed to have led to the death of Frank Wilde, a real estate dealer, here.

Wilde was smoking a cigar several days ago when he accidentally burned the blister. Inflammation set in and he died in agony. His home was in Bethlehem, Pa.

SECRETARY LOEB SUED

$50,000 Asked for His Causing a False Arrest.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Aug. 10.—William Loeb, jr., secretary to President Roosevelt, was made defendant in a $50,000 damage suit today, in which he is charged with having caused the false arrest of Nadage Dore, a Jewish writer.

The arrest was made last winter in Washington, when Miss Dore was distributing leaflets advertising her work in the defense of Russian Jews at St. John's Episcopal church.

Tonight a public campfire will be held in the auditorium when addresses will be made by Governor Johnson, Mayor Jones, of Minneapolis, and others. Commander-in-Chief Tanner will respond. Addresses of welcome will also be made to the Women's Relief Corps, Ladies of the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans. Responses to those will be made respectively by R. B. Brown, of Ohio; General G. W. Cook, of Denver, and John E. Gilman, of Massachusetts.

Other brief addresses will be made by Archbishop Ireland and others.

The final preparations are being made for the great parade tomorrow and it is estimated that about 15,000 old soldiers will be in line. The column is scheduled to commence its march at 10 a. m. The route is about two miles in length.

Bryan to Visit Australia.

Paris, Aug. 14.—Wm. J. Bryan confirms the report from Melbourne that he intends to visit Australia. He says he will start immediately after the November election, sailing from San Francisco and making a tour of New Zealand as well as Australia. He will be gone ten weeks and travel alone. His itinerary is not definitely decided upon.

CUPID WINS AT LAST

Bride Disappointed Eight Men, Weds NInth in Secret.

San Francisco, Aug. 13.—After she had broken five engagements, postponed two weddings and disappeared on the day of a third, Miss Maud Davis has become the heroine of a secret marriage. Her wedding to Emil L. Egeberg on July 11 has just been announced.

Miss Davis was to have been married to a young business man of this city on October 16, 1904, but she didn't appear at the altar. This was after a lively career with Cupid, involving the five broken engagements and two postponed weddings. After this incident Miss Davis' family and friends came to the conclusion that the young woman's encounters with love would not lead churchward.

"Oh, by the way, mamma, dear, I am married," was the way she broke the news of the secret wedding at breakfast three weeks after she had become a bride.

IS THUMB PRINT EXPERT

Chicago Woman to Instruct Secret Service Men in Washington.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—After studying the thumb-print system of identifying criminals for over fifteen years Mrs. M. E. Holland, of this city, has been appointed instructor in the secret service at Washington.

Mrs. Holland is 34 years old and the wife of "Phil" Holland, editor of The Detective. Fifteen years ago she began the study of criminals under Detective Fernier, of Scotland Yard, and since then she has devoted her entire time to it.

"One can take the imprint of a baby's thumb," says Mrs. Holland, "and the grown man can be identified by it when all other means fail."

It is said that the government is preparing to use it where thousands of laborers are employed as a means of identification on payday.

MATRIMONY PICNIC NO. 1

Object of the Gathering Is to Find Partners.

St. Louis, Aug. 13.—The Matrimonial club is to give a picnic at Maple Grove. Object, matrimony.

A public circular setting forth the purposes of the club says:

"Many young men of the West End having grown tired of their single blessedness, and resolved to better their conditions if they can, realize that there are thousands of good young ladies and gentlemen in this city who would be only too glad to get married and settle down if they could find suitable partners.

"Every day we see our sisters entering the workshop and required to do work intended for men, instead of being permitted to remain at home to beautify the household for the stronger sex and add the sunshine and happiness to our lives for which our hearts crave."

BIG CAMP FIRE PLANNED

Wearers of the Blue Talk Over Days of '61-65.

REQUIEM TO THE SOLDIER DEAD.

O mourn not for those who have
gone to their rest
With the garlands of victory
around them;
For the comfort of duty well
done they possess,
And they calmly met death
when it found them.
For theirs 'twas to live when the
great crisis came,
And the fate of mankind was
decided;
And theirs 'twas to answer, with
undying fame,
When Liberty's flag was derided.
Transmitting their memory, age
down to age,
We rehearse to our children
their story;
To us are fruits of that heroic
page—
To them is the rest and the
glory.

Then rest, calmly rest, you have
earned your repose
Saving men yet unborn years of
sorrow;
Securely awaiting, untouched by
life's woes,
The awakening that comes on
the morrow.
When the trumpet shall sound
forth that last reveille
Calling all who have lived to
their places,
"Well done, faithful servants," to
you it shall be,
All tears shall be washed from
your faces.
For those who have offered their
lives for mankind,
The chains of oppression to
sever;
Their names on the roster eternal
shall find,
And dwell with the Master forever.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 14. — This was reunion day at the G. A. R. encampment. Gatherings of old soldiers were scheduled for all parts of the city and for all hours between 9 a. m. and midnight. In addition to these features of the day there were receptions, by various patriotic societies, Masonic bodies and organizations affiliated with the Grand Army.

The number of visitors greatly increased today, the rush of travel apparently reaching its climax. It was said that 6,000 persons arrived from Chicago. The lobby of the West hotel, particularly that portion of it adjacent to the Illinois headquarters, early today was filled with people. The crush was so great that the doors of the Illinois headquarters were forced to open and even then only a comparatively crowd could be accommodated. It is believed that the last of the visitors will arrive today and that the total number may reach 125,000. So far, there has been no difficulty in caring for the city's guests. Excellent accommodations have been provided for all.

A delegation 250 strong arrived from Massachusetts late last evening. The Pennsylvania delegation, among whom was one survivor of the famous "Pennsylvania Bucktails," arrived a little later. The survivor of the "Bucktails" wore in his hat a battered old badge which he said he had carried through nearly all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

The campaign for the office of commander-in-chief is growing active. The adherents of R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Ohio, have begun to boom their candidate energetically. They have distributed large cards announcing Brown's candidacy and setting forth his qualifications for the office. The followers of Captain F. H. Coney, of Kansas, say they are confident of Coney's election.

Tonight a public campfire will be held in the auditorium when addresses will be made by Governor Johnson, Mayor Jones, of Minneapolis, and others. Commander-in-Chief Tanner will respond. Addresses of welcome will also be made to the Women's Relief Corps, Ladies of the Grand Army and the Sons of Veterans. Responses to those will be made respectively by R. B. Brown, of Ohio; General G. W. Cook, of Denver, and John E. Gilman, of Massachusetts.

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TAUNTED BY NEIGHBORS

Paying Teller of Defunct Chicago Institution Kills Himself.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Frank Kowalski, for five years paying teller of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank, which failed last Monday, shot and killed himself last night in his home, 340 North Carpenter street.

Criticism by neighbors and friends, who accused him of a share in the downfall of the bank, is believed to have driven Kowalski to suicide. The acme of his troubles was reached when a woman he had known for years accosted him on the street and accused him of being responsible for the failure of the bank.

Speaking of the incident later in the evening, Kowalski complained bitterly of the suspicions of his friends and declared

FRANK KOWALSKI.
Paying Teller of Bank Who Killed Himself.

that unless his character was speedily cleared he would take his own life.

Kowalski's relatives assert their firm belief that he was innocent of any knowledge as to the mismanagement of the bank by President Stensland. When the bank failed Kowalski had $700 of his own money on deposit in the institution and his immediate relatives had in the bank nearly $50,000.

Kowalski, who was 30 years old, had been with the bank for thirteen years, beginning as office boy.

All theories that Paul O. Stensland was the sole forger of the $1,000,000 worth of crooked notes in the looted Milwaukee Avenue bank, were smashed last night. At least three other men in addition to the fugitive president are thought to have been engaged in the production of bogus signatures. The authorities now believe that Cashier Hering's hand penned the signatures to over $500,000 worth of crooked notes.

Five years ago Hering fell into Stensland's grip. Hering had, it is alleged, guilty knowledge of the theft of $50,000 by the teller in the savings department, and, in fact, is said to have participated in the loot.

Directors Summoned.

The discovery yesterday of new trails of crookedness running through the mulcted bank led the state's attorney to summon peremptorily last night three of the principal directors in the affairs of the institution. They were called upon to explain conditions which indicate that another line of robberies was being carried on independently of Stensland's own gigantic swindle.

The directors who responded to the summons were Frank R. Crane and Marcum Kirkby. An officer was sent for M. O. Labuy, another director, but he could not be located.

Among other papers examined last night was a check for $4,700 which bore no signature except one made with a rubber stamp, no name being attached, in its place bearing only the address "209 Milwaukee Ave."

This had been handled by Cashier Hering, according to his own admission, and had been handed in by President Stensland, who obtained the amount of the check in cash.

Stensland on Way to Mexico.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 11.—A special from Fort Worth, Texas, says:

Paul O. Stensland, president of the defunct Milwaukee Avenue State bank, of Chicago, was lately in Fort Worth, according to Henry V. Adams, a former Chicago commission broker, who believes Stensland to be on the way to Mexico.

Adams said he traveled all the way from New Orleans to this city with Stensland without knowing the bank had failed. Not until Adams read the account of it in a local paper did he suspect that Stensland was fleeing. Adams says Stensland claimed to be going to Mexico on a trip into the mountains for his health. When asked how his bank was progressing he declared it to be in a most prosperous condition.

The police departments of all border towns were notified.

Wreath to Adorn Tomb of Danish King

Silver Wreath, Gift of Danes in America.

New York, Aug. 11.—All the Danes residing in the United States have been called upon to contribute to a fund for a silver wreath to be sent to decorate the tomb of the late King Christian of Denmark in the old Cathedral at Roskilde. More than sixty thousand subscribers all over the country responded to the call, which was for amounts not exceeding 25 cents, and as a result the committee has procured a handsome tribute in the shape of a solid silver wreath which cost about $2,000.

As the beech is the national tree of Denmark, its leaf was chosen as most appropriate to use in the design. In the center is the Danish coat of arms, surmounted by the royal crown. A band of silver wound through the leaves bears the dates of King Christian's reign—1863-1906—the inscription in Danish, "Fra Danske i Amerika," and the motto of King Christian, "Med Gud for Aero og Ret," which means "With God for honor and right." The wreath is two feet four inches in diameter and is made entirely of silver. It was designed by Fr. Ranbusch, artist, and executed by P. Heisted, jeweler, both of whom are Danish residents of New York city.

As the wreath has now been completed, it will be sent at once to the Danish ambassador in Washington, C. Brum. He will place it on the tomb of the king. This old church was finished in the eleventh century and is the resting place of all the kings and queens of Denmark from the beginning of the tenth century to the present day.

Thirty-seven prominent Danes in New York city comprise the committee which originated and carried out this plan. The officers of the committee are George Kirkegaard, chairman; J. Neergaard, treasurer, and E. Schwabe, secretary.

MIRAGE OVER THE LAKE

Cleveland Sees Canadian Shore In the Sky.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 13.—Residents of the Heights in the eastern part of the city yesterday witnessed one of the most remarkable mirages of which there is any history in this part of the country. Wonderfully clear and distinct the Canadian shores of Lake Erie, sixty miles distant was spread out before them in the sky. The phenomenon lasted for over an hour and attracted the notice of thousands of people before it faded. The inverted atmospheric picture was so clear that the city of Rondout could be plainly seen, the church spires and principel buildings standing out in bold relief. Tall trees and a river emptying into the lake could also be seen. It is the first mirage seen here in many years and local weather forecaster Kenealy says that the recent heavy rains over the lake may have had something to do with creating atmospheric conditions to make a mirage possible. The sky to the north was remarkably clear all day.

HOUSEWIFE WINS STRIKE

Husband Fills Wood Box When Hunger Begins.

Winsted, Conn., Aug. 13.—Mrs. Samuel Johnson, of Bantam, talked until she was tired about having the wood box filled, but it did no good. Yesterday she set the dinner table as usual but all the food was uncooked.

A big piece of raw meat, raw potatoes and the unbaked bread were on the table when the man of the house with his hired man came in to dinner. Mr. Johnson found a note saying that Mrs. Johnson had done her part, now they must do theirs. When she came home at evening from a day's visit to a friend the wood box was full of wood and has been kept full ever since.

RAINMAKER FAILS IN WEST

Success Meant a Bonus of $10,000 to Los Angeles Man.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 13. — Hatfield, the rainmaker of Los Angeles, returned by the Princess Beatrice from Dawson, where he had been retained to bring sufficient water from the clouds to accommodate the hydraulic interests of the Upper Yukon. If successful he was to receive a bonus of $10,000 from the mine owners and the territorial government.

He failed, but the territorial government pays all expenses of himself and his brother from the time they left Los Angeles until they return. Some Klondikers assert that the Hatfields simply looked wise and exhibited their cloth covered cabinet (which no one was permitted to enter), in order to enjoy a pleasant and profitable summer.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 11.—Bradstreet's today says:

Fall trade has opened actively, the first rush of house buyers being noted at all large centers east and west. Free and confident buying of dry goods, boots, shoes, clothing and kindred articles is reported from all western and southwestern points and first and second hands at the east report business of full volume for the season. Other developments have been mainly favorable. Heavy rains have affected some lines of retail trade at the west, checked spring wheat cutting at some points, and injured the quality rather than the quantity of winter wheat in stock; but, on the other hand, needed moisture has been received by corn and enough has been secured to assure maturity at most points. Only the best reports come from the southern corn crop and cotton has been improved by the cessation of heavy rains in the South Atlantic states. Industry is active as seldom, if ever, before, and the only subject of complaint herein is the scarcity of labor available. This complaint, however, is practically country wide, despite the enormous past and present immigration. Strikes are more numerous, but effects are localized. Iron and steel are in unprecedented demand for a midsummer period; building and building materials, though less active at New York, show few signs of a letup at the west, where records of previous years have been broken. Railway earnings continue very heavy, a gain of 12 per cent being indicated for July over a year ago; and bank clearings, while slightly below last week, are much in excess of last year.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending August 9, number 137 against 170 last week, 166 in the like week of 1905, 167 in 1904, 160 in 193 and 181 in 1902. In Canada failures for the week number 19 as against 19 last week and 32 in this week a year ago.

Wheat, including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending August 9, are 2,262,961 bushels against 7,895,020 last week, 865,002 this week last year, 1,281,399 in 1904, and 9,039,761 in 1901. For the past six weeks of the fiscal year the exports are 12,100,269 bushels against 6,238,645 in 1905, 7,846,771 in 1904, and 41,546,906 in 1901.

Corn exports for the week are 1,292,638 bushels against 623,146 last week, 1,152,441 a year ago, and 695,202 in 1904. For the fiscal year to date the exports are 4,578,357 bushels against 5,900,204 in 1905 and 3,279,111 in 1904.

WESTERN CROPS.

It has been generally reported that both the hay and oats crops in most sections of the west are considerably lighter than they were last year, says the Cleveland Commercial Bulletin. It is true that the oat straw this year was shorter than usual, but it is believed that some roads will carry considerably more oats this season than last. It is also stated on good authority that a litte later it will be found that the hay crop was better than reported a few weeks ago. What damage there was to the oats crop was largely sectional, and rains came in time to make good a large part of the loss caused by the dry weather earlier in the season.

Last year's crops did not turn out as well in the matter of traffic as the Minneapolis & St. Louis and Iowa Central officers calculated early in the season. Still it was possible to report an increase of the two roads taken together. This excellent showing was obtained because, during the year, the general merchandise traffic of both companies increased materially. During that period the two companies were able to secure a considerable amount of general traffic which they never heretofore have enjoyed, and are confident that in the future both roads will be able not only to maintain the present volume of general traffic, but also to increase it materially. During the last two years, particularly during the twelve months which closed on June 30, the physical condition of the Minneapolis & St. Louis and the Iowa Central was improved materially and the equipment facilities of both companies were increased very substantially.

Conditions in the west have never been better than they are at the present time. The wheat crop is being satisfactorily harvested; the only difficulty that is being encountered is the scarcity of labor, but the lack of labor is not so serious in the territory in which the Minneapolis & St. Louis and the Iowa Central are operated as it is in the Dakotas, where the wheat fields are on a much larger scale. Corn is in perfect condition in Iowa, and in some sections the ears are well formed. This means that a month hence the crop will be out of danger from frost in that state.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Aug. 14.—Wheat opened steady and dull this morning with a break of ¼@⅝c within a few moments after the call. Cables were ⅛@⅜c lower. Some rain was reported in northern North Dakota, but the weather has been generally favorable. The early tone was heavy with offerings moderate. The lower cables and generally fine weather did not give the bulls any incentive to raise prices. The movement of winter wheat will fall off before long, however, which must tend to check any serious decline in prices. When wheat gets down to an export basis local traders predict big European sales. Broomhall cabled wheat was quiet at the opening with prices unchanged. Later values eased off ¼@⅜c on disappointing American cables and indifferent spot trade. At 3:18 o'clock this afternoon Liverpool wheat was ½c lower. The outlook is for an enormous crop.

Everyone seemed bearish on wheat this morning with foreigners buying on the soft spots. Liverpool closed with wheat ⅜c lower. Minneapolis wired that there was a good demand for cash wheat from outside mills who were paying five cents higher for No. 1 northern. Wheat was off under pressure of big Chicago traders which brought out stop loss selling orders. The trade evidently is getting ready for the big northwest receipts which are expected. Prices went away down and at the close cash was a cent off, September 1⅛c off and the other futures 1¼c below yesterday's closing quotations. Broomhall's weekly summary for European wheat crops was a bearish feature. The demand was more limited than the moderate offerings.

Corn opened slow with prices steady, followed by a decline of ¼c in the near futures and ½c in May. Trade was small and mostly local. The weather and crop outlook are good. The cash demand was limited and Chicago receipts light, although there were thirty cars more than expected. Country acceptances of both corn and wheat were light. Contract stocks are being steadily reduced. The September option showed tightness. The new crop futures, said Noyes, of Chicago, sold on a basis that discounted favorable crop conditions. Broomhall cabled corn was steady at the opening with values unchanged. The near options gained an eighth during the morning, while the distant month was unsupported. There was a moderate American movement and an absence of offerings. By 3:18 o'clock this afternoon Liverpool corn was unchanged to a fourth higher.

Liverpool corn closed ¼c lower to ¼c higher. The Romanian corn crop was reported to be in splendid condition. As a result of the bearish crop news and in sympathy with the weakness in wheat the close was low, cash being 1¼c down, September and May half a cent off and December an eighth down.

Cash oats were nominally ¼c down this morning. The near futures were firm during the early trading hours though the feeling was rather weak. The selling price on May at the call was firm, but the figure could not be sustained and a decline of ½c was soon noted. Country acceptances of oats were early reported to be light. Many traders took the bear side on the ground that the oat crop would total much better than originally expected.

In sympathy with the decline in the other cereals, oats sold off, the close showing a loss of ¼c all along the list. Oats were the only grain that withstood to any appreciable degree the general bearish sentiment evinced in all the grain pits today.

Cash clover seed was nominally firm this morning. Both October and December seed opened 2½c up and each gained another point inside of an hour. The tone of the clover seed market seemed better this morning than for several days.

Cash seed remained at $7.15 all day. After getting up as high as $7.35 the futures commenced to decline and went down to $7.25. Just before the close there was an upturn of a point and the final prices on October and December were but 2¼c off yesterday's marks.

TOLEDO.					
				—Close—	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Aug.14.	Aug.13
Cash	72½	73½	72½	72½	73½
Sept	74	74¾	73¼	73¼	74¾
Dec	77¼	77¾	75¾	75¾	77¼
May	81	81	79¾	79¾	81
Corn—					
Cash	54¼	54¼	53¼	53¼	54½
Sept.	53½	53½	53	53	53½
Dec.	45¼	45¼	45	45¼	45¼
May	45¾	45¾	45¼	45¾	45¾
Oats—					
Cash	32½	....	....	32½	32¾
Sept	33	33	32¾	32¾	33
Dec.	34	34	33¾	33¾	34
May	36	36	35¾	35¾	35
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.15	....	....	7.15	7.15
Oct	7.32½	7.35	7.25	7.27½	7.30
Dec	7.32½	7.00	7.00	7.27½	7.30
Rye—					
No. 2	56½	....	....	56½	56¾
No. 3	....	....	....	54½	54½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	2.00
Alsike—					
Prime and					
Aug	....	....	....	6.90	6.95
Oct	6.80	6.82½	6.80	6.82½	....
No. 3	....	....	6.62½	....	6.60
Rej	....	....	6.40	....	6.37½
N. E. G.	....	....	....	....	6@6.05
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Aug	....	....	....	....	71½
Sept	72½	72¾	70¾	71	72¼
Dec	75	75¼	73¾	74	75
May	78¾	78¾	78	78	79
Corn—					
Sept	49¾	49¾	49¼	49¼	49¼
Dec	45¼	45¼	44¾	45	45¼
May	45½	45¾	45½	45¼	45¾
Oats—					
Aug	30¾	31½	30¾	31	30¾
Sept	31½	31½	31¼	31¾	31¼
Dec	32½	32½	32¼	32¼	32½
May	34½	34½	34¼	34½	34½
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Sept	79¼	79¼	78¼	78¼	79⅝
Dec	81¾	81¾	81¼	81¼	82
Corn—					
Sept	56¾	56¾	56⅝	56⅝	56¾
Dec	53⅝	53⅝	53⅜	53⅜	53⅝
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept	68¼	68¼	67⅛	67⅝	68⅜
Dec	71⅞	71⅞	71	71	72
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	70⅝	71¼
Dec	....	....	....	72¼	72⅞
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	72¼	73¼
Dec	....	....	....	73⅝	73¼
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Sept	17.07	17.15	16.80	17.00	17.10
Jan	13.80	13.80	13.35	13.45	13.85
Lard—					
Dec	8.10	8.10	7.97	8.00	....
Sept	8.72	8.75	8.55	8.60	8.75
Oct	8.77	8.77	8.62	8.65	8.80
Nov	8.62	8.62	8.47	8.52	8.65
Jan	7.92	7.92	7.82	7.85	7.97
Ribs—					
Sept	8.87	8.90	8.75	8.87	8.95
Oct	8.75	8.75	8.57	8.67	8.75
Jan	7.37	7.37	7.17	7.25	7.42

Money and Stocks.

New York, Aug. 14.—(Wall Street.)—For the most part opening prices of stocks today were slightly higher than last night and dealings were active and broadly distributed. Pittsburg C. C. & St. Louis rose 2. Northwestern and Great Northern preferred 1½, and Missouri Pacific and Locomotive about a point. Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Canadian Pacific fell 1. The price of St. Paul was slightly shaded.

Very few buying orders came into the market to reinforce the opening rise and the market began to yield. After the market had receded to fraction below yesterday's closing short covering and a large absorption of Baltimore & Ohio caused a good rally. Iowa Central, People's Gas and American Tobacco preferred moved up a point, and Delaware & Hudson 2. Toledo, St. Louis & Western fell 1 and Brooklyn Transit 1½.

Business contracted and the movement of prices narrowed, but was inclined to sag. Chicago & Northwestern preferred sold at an advance of 8 and Federal Mining 4½. Texas & Pacific and Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha rose 1. International Paper preferred fell 2⅜. Bonds were steady at noon.

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 14.—Hog receipts today were seven cars and the market ruled about steady. Shipping orders were not much in evidence and packers again purchased the bulk of the supply. One or two lots of select hogs sold five cents higher than yesterday, at $6.40, but the bulk of the trading in this grade was at $6.30@6.35. The market closed easy with all sold.

Cattle receipts were five cars, consisting mostly of mixed grades of fair quality. Local packers and butchers were all in the market and trading was active. There was a better inquiry for feeding cattle. Calf receipts were one hundred head. The market was active and steady.

Sheep and lambs were unchanged.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 250 to 300 lbs., $6.15@6.20; mediums, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.20@6.30; Yorkers, $6.30@6.40; bulk of sales, $6.30@6.35; pigs, $6.10@6.25; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.25.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,500 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.35; fair to choice steers, $4.65@4.90; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $3.00@3.50; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.50; good to choice veals, $6.00@6.50; fair to common, $4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Common to good yearlings, $4.00@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 14.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's special report to The Blade.)—Hogs—Market higher; heavies, $6.25@6.30; mediums, $6.45@6.50; heavy and light Yorkers, $6.50; pigs, $6.40@6.50.

Sheep—Receipts, 2 cars; lambs, $4.50@6.00; sheep, $4.75@5.80.

Chicago, Aug. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3.90@7.30; cows and heifers, $1.15@5.20; stockers and feeders, $2.25@4.15; Texans, $3.75@4.90; calves, $5.00@7.00.

Hogs—Receipts, 18,000 head; market slow to 5c higher; mixed and butchers, $6.30@6.20; good heavy, $5.80@6.15; rough heavy, $5.60@5.70; light, $5.75@6.25; pigs, $5.30@6.00; bulks of sales, $5.90@6.15.

Sheep—Receipts, 18,000 head; market 10c lower; sheep, $3.15@5.30; lambs, $4.60@7.75.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 14.—(Swope, H. W. & B. special report to The Blade.)—Cattle: Receipts, 5 cars; steady. Hogs: Receipts, 20 cars; lower; all grades, $6.35@6.45. Sheep: Receipts, 5 cars; steady; best spring lambs, $8@8.25; best wether sheep, $5.75; mixed sheep, $5.25; prime heavy ewes, $5.00; culls, $2.50@3.50. Calves, $3@7.50.

Union Stock Yards, Cleveland, Aug. 14.—(Bower & Bower special report to The Blade.)—Hogs: